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Saturday Review

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SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

PILLS FOR POPULATION CONTROL?

By Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D.

EPITAPH FOR THE DEAD BEATS

By John Ciardi

Bruce Catton, author of "Grant Moves South." *See page 15*

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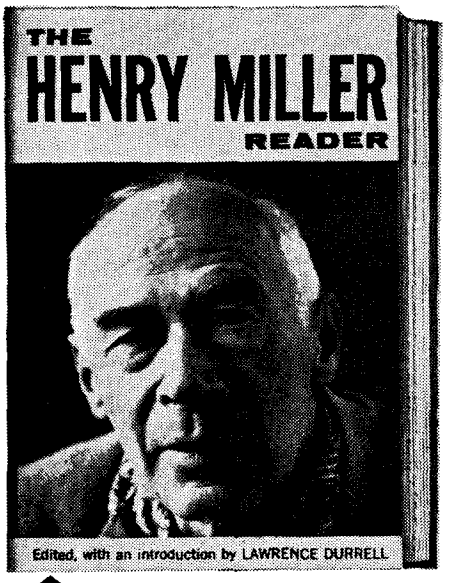

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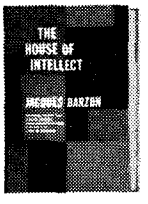

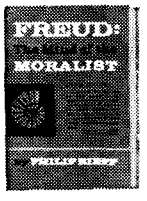

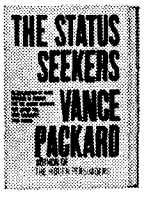

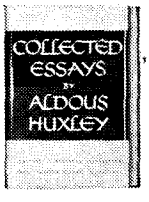

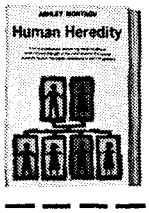

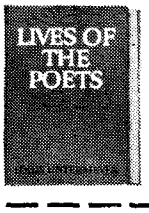

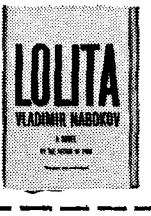

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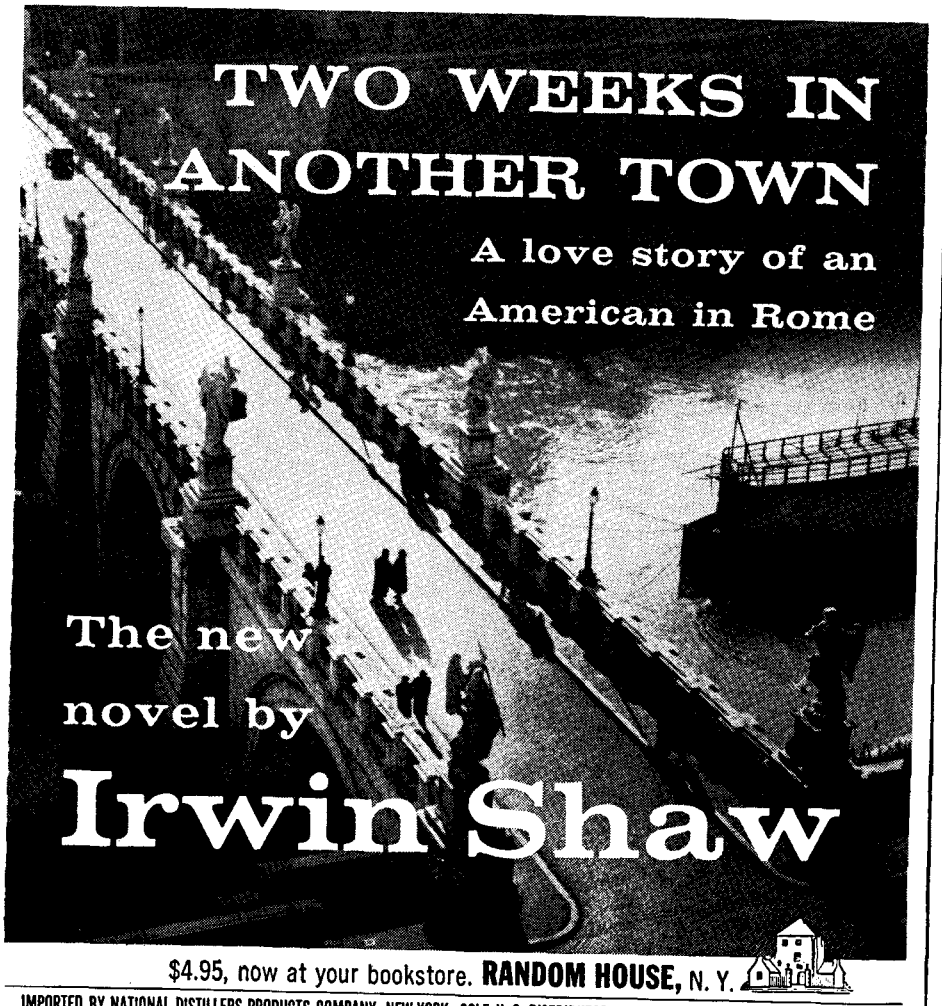

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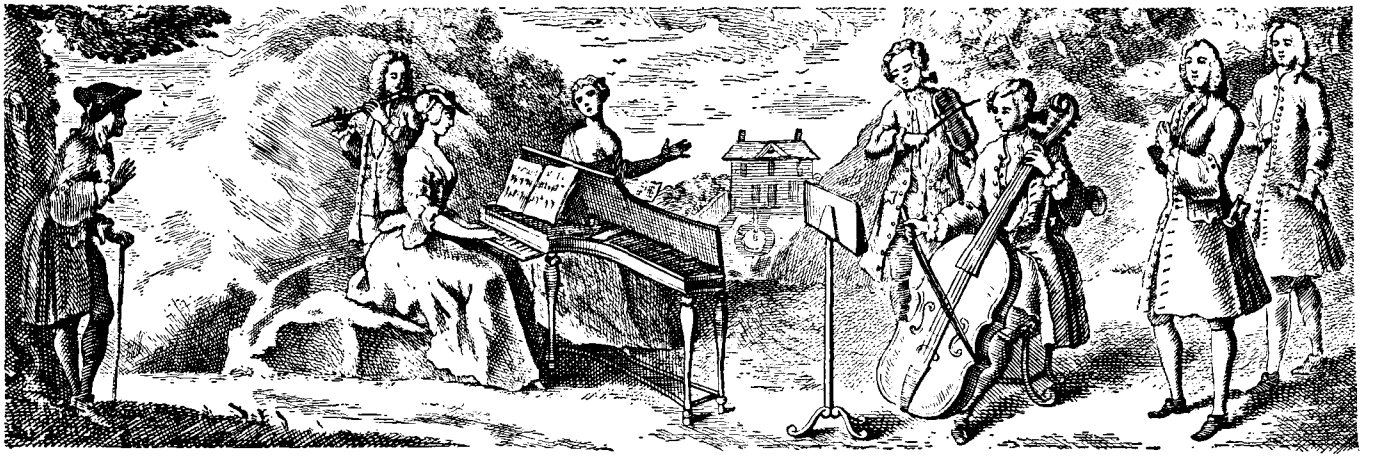

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

WITH THE Soviet Union's Pacific rocket tests, the flu epidemic, and the incredible airline disasters, the best thing about January was February 1. There was another big steal in steel, and we weren't even too happy about the first Nixon campaign button. (It read "Nixon—Man of Steel.") We were even less happy, however, about the first Democratic button we heard about ("I'm for Stu—Are You?"). The New Haven Railroad said "the countdown has begun," and, as if that weren't enough, Manhattan's borough president, Hulan Jack, was indicted for criminal conspiracy. Down at Louisiana State University a famous scientist was charged with bludgeoning a lady biologist, and up at Yale there was trouble, in a sense, between town and gown. On the social front, the little Long Island resort of East Hampton decided that these days you can't be too careful where summer theatre is concerned ("I don't see *why*," wailed the dear dowager, "they can't just *send* the money"), and a debutante with the unlikely name of Gamble Benedict ran off with a Rumanian chauffeur. (These days a good chauffeur is a lot harder to find than a naughty debutante.)

• • •

On the fix front, it was the advertisers' turn, and we took stern note of the FTC's warning that a certain "rapid shave" didn't really shave sandpaper on TV, that a certain toothpaste doesn't really make you wonder where the you-know-what went, and that a super-strength wrap, for mercy's sake, had descended to putting an old dried-out ham in the "ordinary" wrap but had put a spanking fresh ham in its own. And, worst of all, perhaps, a "non-volatile liquid" had been substituted for those delicious "flavor gems" in a certain substitute for a certain "high-priced spread." Anyway, they couldn't pin a thing on Mr. Clean.

• • •

For our winter vacation we repaired, as is our annual wont (and cause of later want) to the resort of Round Hill, Jamaica. Here we encountered, the day before he announced himself for President, Senator Jack Kennedy. And, after talking with the Senator, we became convinced that there was a good deal of merit to his idea of first place or nothing. Certainly now he has succeeded in bringing the religious issue out, front and center, and has not left it lurking with the office of Vice President. (There, apparently, the idea is you can capitalize on it but you don't have to run, curiously, any real risk.) The only thing that worried us, however, was the fact that first there was Rockefeller and now there is Kennedy. Soon the day is going to come when *nobody* is going to want to run for Vice President—and after everything Nixon has done for the office too. Somehow we felt ourselves right back again in the 1930s on that park bench in "Wintergreen for President" with Victor Moore mournfully reading his Washington guidebook: "Vice-admiral, Viceroy . . . There *isn't* any Vice President."

• • •

We knew, of course, we were being undersold in the labor market all over the world, but last month came word that not even the American office is safe from competition—we have begun to import British secretaries. The fact is, of course, as anyone who has had occasion to hire and fire these days surely knows by now, that the number of American girls who don't want to be "just a secretary" would make a good-sized army—the only trouble being, of course, it wouldn't make a very good army. Mr. J. R. Cominsky, the publisher of this magazine, recently went on record (albeit outside of the office) that he was sick and tired of what he called the "sour girl graduate"—the girl who wants to dine out on the strength of her "glamorous job" but doesn't want to be bothered about such details as shorthand, typing, or, worst of all, anything before 10, after 5, or between 12 and, say, 3. "Many businesses have had a rough time with college graduates," Mr. Cominsky asserted. "Instead of an aptitude test for them, I would suggest an 'attitude test.'" By way of contrast, let us also note that there is plenty of "room at the top" for "just a secretary" who regards her job as something more than a convenient answering service and a place to get her mail.

• • •

Normally—which is perhaps the wrong word to begin with—we can take Mr. Tennessee Williams or we can leave him alone, but we were somehow inveigled (let's admit it—it was Elizabeth Taylor) into seeing his latest effort, entitled "Suddenly, Last Summer." The easiest way to give you some idea of why not to go is to say that among the few things which did happen none of them did so even remotely "suddenly," and as for "last summer," well *that* was 1937. On the brighter side, one of our favorites, Mr. Steve Allen, has come up with a new book. Entitled "The Question Man," it is dedicated to the proposition that we already have more answers than we know what to do with, and that what this country really needs are some good five-cent questions. Accordingly, "The Question Man" starts with the answers—and then, on the next page, complete with an illustration including Mr. Allen, you have the question. For example, you have, on one page, the answer "Stork Club." Then, on the next page, you have the question, "What do you use to beat up a stork?" Again, you have first the answer, "My cup runneth over"—afterwards the question, "How did all that thlop get in your thauther?" And still again, answer, "He slept for twenty years"—question, "How did Perry Como get into show business?"

• • •

To round out the mad month, there was even trouble in the ancient and honorable P.E.N. Club, which put on a dinner meeting on what would seem, at first, a perfectly safe subject, "The Use of Imagination in Biographical and Historical Writing." The trouble started when the club bulletin identified Mr. Leon Edel, the distinguished author of biographies of Henry James, H. G. Wells, and James Joyce, as the author of "humorous" biographies. It turned out, of course, that the bulletin meant "numerous." Next, getting into the spirit of the thing, the distinguished P.E.N. president, Miss Joy Chute, meant to introduce Mr. Edgar Johnson, the author of the Dickens biography, as a man "now working on Sir Walter Scott." Instead, she said "a man now *worrying* on Sir Walter Scott." Fortunately all went smoothly with the other two speakers, Mr. James Flexner and Mr. Garrett Mattingly, although Mr. Mattingly struck a far-out blow for imagination *vs.* the documentary approach by declaring, "It's my own conviction that only a poet or a novelist can really tell the truth about the past." Mr. Edel spoke on documentation and "the realism of imagination." Then, when it was all over, a listener had a question for Mr. Edel. "I have just come upon a document," he said, "about an unknown holdup by Jesse James. It says, incontrovertibly, that he was accompanied, at the time of the robbery, by *Henry* James."

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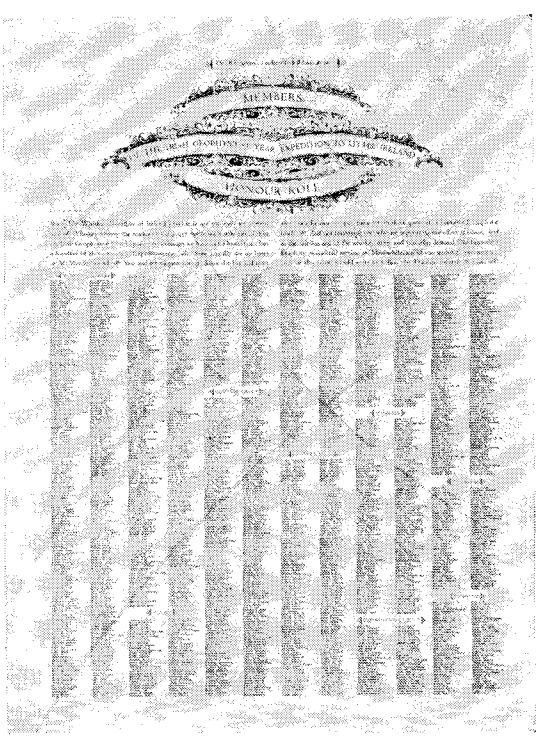
THE IRISH GEOPHYSICAL YEAR EXPEDITION HONOUR ROLL

[VOL. II Nº XIII]

We [[The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland]] feel it is not too early to commit to Irish Whiskey history the names of the 4,923 noble souls who enrolled in the Irish Geophysical Year Expedition, although we have so far heard from but a handful of those intrepid Expeditionaries who have actually set up bases at McMurdo Sound. ☘ Yes, and we suggest you go down the list and toast them one by one to spur them on in their quest after burnished, emphatic truth. ☘ And not forgetting you who are supporting the effort at home. And in the saloons and at the whiskey store; and you who demand Old Burnished Emphatic at cocktail parties. ☘ Meanwhile, any of you wishing a presentation copy of this scroll should write us at Box 186S, Dublin, Ireland. ☘ Hats off!

(We had hoped to be able to run the full Honour Roll itself in these pages but so many volunteers were there that we ran out of space and it became a matter of either abandoning the list at G or asking our friends here to move out some other advertising matter, and this for some reason they are not willing to do. We have here reduced it to illegibility to prove good faith. So what we advise is you let us send you a presentation copy of the Honour Roll. It will be a lovely sight there on the wall. Behind the bar. Flanked by burnished emphatic bottles of Irish Whiskey.)



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TRADE Winds

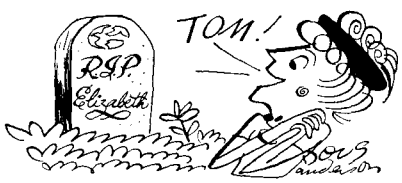
RIGHT OUT OF the Tipton (Iowa) *Conservative* comes the story about the Brooklyn woman who went into the cemetery office with the complaint, "I can't find my husband's grave. I know he's buried here."

"What is the name?" asked the manager.

"Thomas Jackson," she replied.

Referring to his card index, he said, "Madam, we have no Thomas Jackson. We have an Elizabeth Jackson."

"That's him!" she said. "Everything is in my name."



SOON IT WILL have been two years since Henry Simon of Simon & Schuster signed a contract with Guy Endore ("King of Paris") for a novel based on the parallel lives of Rousseau and Voltaire. So far all Simon has received are wonderful letters from Endore, who lives in Europe, reporting progress, setbacks, and complications, making the publisher so curious and frustrated that he finally suggested that the letters be published, if he wasn't going to be allowed to see how the book was coming along. Here is now Endore explained his reluctance to unveil the manuscript:

"Nothing would please me more than to have you join the tiny circle of praise that surrounds my present work. But supposing you didn't have a word of praise? Then 80,000 words or more would go right into the ashcan. Just one icy word trickling down my back, and I'd be through. Nearly two years' work out the window.

"And of course now that you know I must be lauded whether I deserve it or not, what good is your opinion? You are no longer free to say what you think. There's the trap we are in. Terrible, isn't it? Before I could send you the script I would have to have your word that you would like it. Admire it. Rave over it. You would have to give me this in writing. Notarized.

"Naturally, as an honest man, you could never do that. In fact, if you did I would lose my respect for you. You could no longer function as my editor. It's a *cul de sac*, I tell you. No exit. The worst is that all this secrecy will only reinforce your belief that the book must be magnificent. No manuscript of man could live up to your expectations. And even if it turns out pretty good, or even excellent, you'll be disappointed.

"We're boxed. Both you and I. And that idea of yours that we should publish just my letters on the subject appeals to me as a way out. Even the public will go for it. It's a tease. And so long as we never let them look at the book itself, it will be a success."

WILLIAM C. LEWIS says he found this anecdote in "Wide Margins," the autobiography of former publisher George Palmer Putnam. Hendrik Willem Van Loon, an instructor at Cornell at the time, was attending a tea in Ithaca along with females of formidable respectability when a new face appeared.

"Who is she?" someone asked.

"Oh, that's Miss Jones. She's the mistress of Ridsley Hall."

Van Loon inquired blandly, "And who is Ridsley Hall?"

EVERY YEAR when we publish the World Travel Calendar, as we just did in the January 9 issue of SR, it's the work of Robert Meyer, Jr., author of "Festivals USA" and "Festivals Europe" (Ives Washburn), two books which tell about the hundreds and hundreds of regular

annual celebrations in those parts of the world.

Meyer has to keep chasing festivals to find out what's happening. This month, for instance, he is off for San Francisco to cover the Chinese New Year. Then he treks into Squaw Valley for a preview of the Winter Olympics. He heads for the Las Vegas Helldorado via Yosemite and Glacier parks, and next he finds himself in Indio, California, for the Date Festival. Then something is taking place in Palm Springs and Los Angeles, I forget what, and next is the Vancouver Festival and Seattle Seafair. That's the kind of thing that keeps a festival expert busy.

THIS IS EASY. All I did was ask John D. Weaver what's new on the Coast (that's what you call it if you're in the

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know) and he sent me more stuff than I can use. Such as:

Paul Desmond, the featured saxophonist in the Dave Brubeck quartet, is a shy, bookish, highly articulate contradiction of the jazz stereotype. A dedicated punster, he was chatting with David Allen, the Warner Brothers recording star, and the subject got around to women.

Both agreed that girls fall for the lean, sensitive, esthetic type but invariably end up marrying a portly, practical businessman with a bulging portfolio of blue-chip stocks.

"Yes," Desmond said, "that's the way the world will end, not with a whim but a banker."

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION from Grandma Moser's grandchildren, to be sung to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

My eyes have seen the glory of the
burning of the school,
We have tortured every teacher.
We have broken every rule.
We have ransacked the office and
we killed the principule.
The brats are marching home.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Teacher hit me with a ruler.
I hit her on the bean with a rotten
tangerine
And the juice came trickling down.

JOHN CIARDI, Gore Vidal, Marc Connelly, Catherine Drinker Bowen, and Louis Auchincloss were sitting around discussing the one subject they all have in common a few Sunday nights ago, and being televised on that interesting show, "Open End." There was a slight obstacle to their discussion of modern novelists, because it turned out that none of these writers spends much time reading his contemporaries.

Vidal said he had never read any books of Hersey's ("The Wall" was too long). Ciardi was articulate on Mac-Leish, but weak on novelists. Connelly admitted that he was currently engaged in enjoying travel books (Such as "A Pattern of Islands") and couldn't think of any fiction he'd read lately. Mrs. Bowen came right out and confessed that she hardly ever reads novels, and Mr. Auchincloss kept quiet.

ACROSS THE DESK of Roland Burdick, of the American Book Publishers Council anti-censorship committee, come some strange bits of incidental intelligence:

At the organization meeting for a San Francisco Committee for Decent Literature, Mrs. A. Boyd Puccinelli, president of the Second District P.T.A., commented that the biggest purchasers of pornographic reading are young married couples.

At a counterpart meeting in Oklahoma City, a woman said that the big problem with smutty literature is how to keep it from the Boy Scouts who conduct the drives to collect scrap. "The boys are getting bad literature out of the paper drives," she declared.

THANK GOODNESS someone has found that one hundred dollars publisher Ken Rawson put inside the 100,101st copy of "The Status Seekers." A girl in Philadelphia asked someone to go to Wanamaker's and pick it up for her. Neither of them had heard anything about the stunt. The girl, Lois Meier, started reading and found the letter telling her she'd won the money.

So far she hasn't mentioned sharing it with her friend. But she has specified that she will be using the money to buy more books. And now we can all stop thumbing through copies of "The Status Seekers" in bookstores.

IT IS REPORTED that Adela Rogers St. John is scouting for a top-grade comedy writer to join the Nixon campaign. The job, according to the papers, is to provide that candidate with a sense of humor. I've got a lot of good jokes for campaign speeches, like:

"Well, my friends, I suppose you've heard what the cannibal wife said to her husband. She said, 'Don't bring home any of those Democrats. They're too hard to clean.'"

How's that, Adela? I've got loads more.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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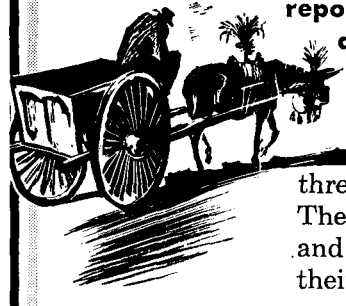
Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1349)

Moody:

CREED FOR FEBRUARY SECOND

If he wakes today
And comes outside, so far as I'm
concerned
His prophecy is standard and official.

Folklore is fact which cannot be
unlearned.
So heed a groundhog's whistle . . .
Trust his wisdom, never scoff
If he proclaims that Spring is six
weeks off.



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Only a self educated man can be truly educated

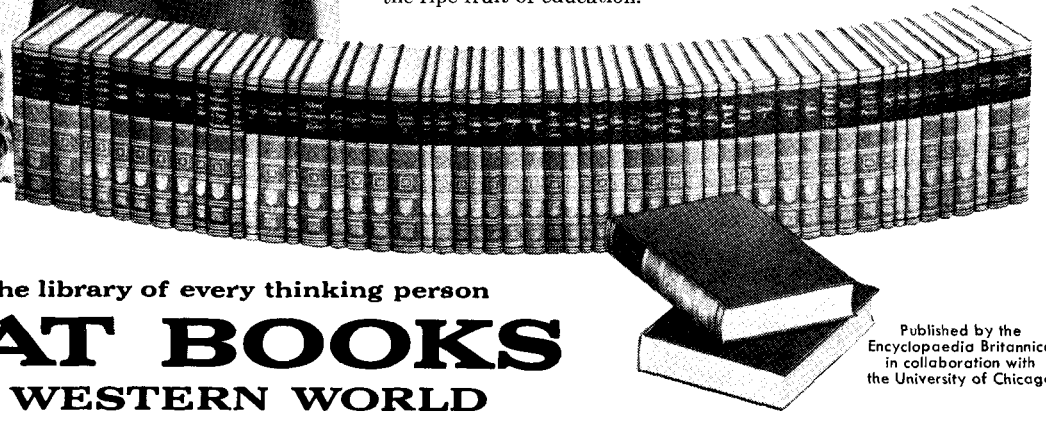
A thoughtful discussion by **William Benton**
former Asst. Secretary of State and U.S. Senator

"There are probably very few people who labor under the delusion that because they once satisfactorily completed a physics course in school their knowledge of science is complete. In fact, there is general recognition that a scientist's education is never complete.

"It is paradoxical indeed that in the equally profound areas of history, philosophy, theology, literature, all the important humanities, just the reverse is commonly held to be true. Once the required course of study is passed and a college degree earned, our education in these subjects is often assumed to be complete.

"This, of course, could not be further from the truth. A person who does not continue year after year to add to his knowledge and insight can never be a really educated man. In fact, just the opposite is likely to occur. Change is a law of life. Nothing remains static. Our interests either broaden or narrow. Our thoughts deepen or become ever more shallow. We grow in knowledge and perception or our minds shrink away to insignificance.

"The amount of formal schooling possible to us is usually limited, of course, by the necessity of earning a living. Only self-education can continue to give us the constant association with great minds and the contemplation of great thoughts which produce an educated man. The edition of the Great Books described below was compiled with this purpose in mind—to provide the nourishment the mind needs to grow in wisdom—the ripe fruit of education."



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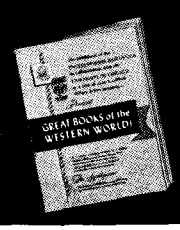

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Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 6, 1960

EPITAPH FOR THE DEAD BEATS

By JOHN CIARDI

IT WASN'T much fun as rebellions go. Heaven knows the young need their rebellions. And let it be said of the Beats that there was a time when they might almost have been taken as an intellectual uprising. By now, however, it seems clear enough that the rebellion has gone for kicks, that what offered itself as intellectual refreshment has turned out to be little more than unwashed eccentricity, and that one more Parnassus has turned out to be a grimy dive not much different from the speakeasy or the back room of the Communist cell meeting.

The fact is that the Beat Generation is not only juvenile but certainly related to juvenile delinquency through a common ancestor whose best name is *Disgust*. The street gang rebellion has gone for blood and violence. The Beats have found their kicks in an intellectual pose, in drugs (primarily marihuana, but also benzedrine, mescaline, piote, assorted goof-balls, and occasionally heroin), and in wine, Zen, jazz, sex, and a carefully mannered jargon.

There is in all of them an innate fidget. As high-priest Kerouac tried to dramatize—at least to the extent that monotony can be drama—the Beats talk endlessly about serenity, detachment, and mangled Zen, but the last thing they know how to do is sit still. Were it not for the fact that the narcotics squad drives them to secrecy, and that few of them can afford fast cars, they would be off racing from roadhouse to roadhouse in an excellent imitation of their once-flapper and once-flaming parents. The impulse to run away from convention (while remaining close enough to it to flaunt it) is the same as it ever was. Nor is the search for "kicks" finally distinguishable from "making whoopee" back in the supermelogorgeous days of the cat's pajamas.

And like every essentially adolescent rebellion, that of the Beat Generation is marked by an orthodoxy as rigid as the blue laws. The Beats wear identical uniforms. They raise nearly identical beards (now beginning to disappear in reaction to the crop of beards being raised on campus by would-be beatnikoids). They practice an identical aversion to soap and water. They live in the same dingy alleys. They sit around in the same drab dives listening to the same blaring jazz with identical blanked-out expressions on their identical faces. And any one of them would sooner cut his throat than be caught doing anything "square."

It is clearly in the nature of all our rebel youth movements to need a touch of the illicit. The flappers and their plastic-age boy friends made a ritual of drinking rotgut, less because the human nervous system is naturally attracted to bad alcohol than because drinking it was against the law. The Young Communists plotted in secret meetings with dramatic precautions against undercover agents and dramatic fears of being raided, or they distributed pamphlets and howled from soap boxes in ecstatic defiance of "the Cossacks." The G.I. generation had its potential rebellion largely blurred by army restrictions and could do little more than grumble or go AWOL on a binge, but that much at least they did manage regularly enough. The Beat Generation has marihuana and the ritual of dodging the "narcos"—the narcotics squad.

THE NEED to be illegal in some way is a simple enough need to thumb one's nose at society. The need to make a ritual of the illegality is as juvenile as the basic gesture itself. Let four Beats gather in a desert to fire up some marihuana and at least two of them will mention the narcos and look carefully

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in all directions before they bring the stuff out of hiding. It is exactly the ritual of four high school pals about to sneak a smoke in the boys' room.

The Beats have carried their little drama a step further by adding to it their special argot. The marihuana is "tea." The rolled cigarette, looking very much like a paper-wrapped toothpick, is a "joint." The butt is a "roach." You light up, take a deep drag, and pass it on, holding the smoke in your lungs as long as possible. You save the roaches when they get too small to hold, wad them up, pick the tobacco from the end of a "straight" (a regular cigarette), put in the wadded roach, crimp in the end of the straight, and fire it up for one last drag. Meanwhile, the chicks stare off glassy-eyed into the Ultimate-All and keep saying "Yeh! . . . hyeh! . . . hyeh!"—long drawn out, ecstatic, and aspirate. I mean like real cosmic, man.

Ideally, the Beat plays it cool, talking a great deal about a serene detachment from the materialism of the square and the corniness of the hot hipster. But put him on wheels and he instantly becomes a raging hot-rodder, distinguishable from the leather-jacket boys only by his volubility in discoursing on "the magnitude of the risk" as he spins his way around a tricky curve.

Speed is, of course, another drug, the illusion of one more escape. In the kind of Beat who most resembles the late Jimmy Dean (who was most nearly a middle ground between the Beats and the leather-jacket hoods, and who finally found the big crack-up he had long been looking for) speed is some sort of death wish.

It is, simply enough, a child's game without the easy freshness of the child's imagination. To the Beat, anyone over thirty is "The Enemy." One trouble, of course, is that by now most of the boys and girls Father Kerouac celebrated in "The Subterraneans" are over the line into enemy territory.

BUT whatever its foibles, and whether "Beat" is taken to mean "done in," as most people seem to understand it, or "beatific," as Kerouac has been insisting, the separation of the Beat Generation from "square" society was conceived as an intellectual and spiritual revolution. The Beat is a Krazy Kat longing to be stoned by the Mouse he loves, who, in his turn, always manages to fling his brick despite the worst Officer Pup can do. He is Charlie Chaplin ridiculously in love and being chased by cops. He is the jazz-man blowing his soul out in a dive, or wailing through the jail bars. He lives in skid-row-under-the-stars in the company of other "personal madmen poets"—the phrase is Kerouac's. He is a soul rescuing its identity from square conformity. His object is to escape the blindness of the square not only by disassociation, but by a systematic flouting of all square values. The rationale of this disassociation, or so he insists, is Zen.

Zen is an ancient way of life whose ends can be achieved only through a lifetime of rigorous spiritual discipline, and I certainly have no notion of posing as an expert on it. Yet, though its method and discipline are profoundly complicated, Zen is profoundly simple in its basic Buddhist goal of achieving absorption into the All. Zen has been called a religion without a creed; yet it has a priesthood and its candidates must undergo a training as demanding as that imposed by any other religion. Its rituals are basically rituals of purification from the dross of matter and of identification with the ultimate life-force.

But though the Beats have cried loud the name of Zen, the boys and girls have never been close to adopting Zen discipline. The last thing they want on earth is a discipline. They have, rather, raided from Zen whatever offered them an easy rationale for what they wanted to do in the first place. What they seem to have found most attractive in Zen is the idea of the holiness of the personal impulse, and the dramatic role of the Zen lunatic.

By ritual detachment from materiality, and by ritual meditation on the All, the Zen disciple prepares to achieve that point at which all trace of the world's dross will be purged from his mind. At that point there is left only the pure, the spiritual, the holy, and the eternal. The self will have been absorbed into the All. And at that point, whatever speaks to the consciousness is ultimate and true. That goal achieved, every impulse of the soul is an impulse of holiness.

The idea is not, of course, uniquely Zen. It is, in fact, common to all religions whose goal is the surrender of reason to faith after proper purification. At the top of the Mount of Purgatory, Dante achieves an identical state of purification wherein he is free to act entirely on impulse, since his every impulse has become holy.

To the Beats, however, Zen purification has been reduced to little more than "get high and let it spill." Drugs, alcohol, long hours of voodoo sessions with jazz or bongo drums, plus a very eager self-hypnosis, make up the way to a "flip," which may be anything from an epileptic seizure to an inner illumination.

MOST Beats are careful not to flip too far out. The really cool ones do not want to flip at all, nor even to get too high. What they want is a "low-high," a kind of serene marihuana-float that will induce a heightened awareness of sounds, smells, colors, and time. They are, that is to say, sensation seekers on the trail of a mildly "mystical" experience. I am surprised, in fact, that they have systematically overlooked the possibilities of laughing gas as a stimulus to semi-mystical hallucination, and I recommend that they look into William James's "The Varieties of Religious Experience" for some interesting details on this point. With the narcos sending in bearded, poetry-writing undercover men to make the scene and raid the tea parties—as they did recently in New York—it might be useful to know that there is, or so I am advised, no law against the inhalation of nitrous oxide.

On this level, Beat ritual is no more than sensation-seeking, which is itself the mark of an overcomfortable and sterile generation. The Beats like to claim the obsessive violence of Rimbaud as theirs, but too much of what they do is much closer to the raveled nerve-ends of a Huysmans. For the Beats are sprung of a generation that had it easy. When someone accused Kenneth Rexroth (an *hombre*, may I say) of being Beat, he answered: "Beat, Hell!—I've been beaten." And certainly the Beats would not be out on their particular limb of the nervous system had they had to face a tougher problem of basic subsistence or of basic survival. Had the Beats reached their early twenties in time for the Depression bread lines or for the army's dreary combination of foxholes and boredom, they would certainly have found other business than the elaborate cultivation of their sensations and of their purified sacred impulses.

The second aspect of Zen upon which the Beats have seized most avidly is the Zen-lunatic. The holy madman is a figure to be found in

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many religions. In Zen, as nearly as I understand it, the lunacy is cultivated as part of the long discipline of detaching oneself from the material appearances of reality and from the conventions of material rationality. As with Rimbaud, the goal is the deliberate derangement of all the senses in order to open oneself to the larger reality to which convention is blind. One plays the fool for God.

There is an innate nobility in the idea of playing the fool for God. David, as an example of humility, put by his majesty and danced before the Ark (II *Samuel* vi, 14). But these boys and girls come closer to playing the fool for the fun of it, drawing upon the Zen-lunatic as a sanction for their antics. Shedding one's clothes in public, for example, is a well-established Beat prank (the point of which is probably to prove one's purity of all traces of soap and water). Allen Ginsberg has even made the point by stripping naked in the course of a public lecture. Another kind of antic was demonstrated by three beat poets at the end of a long radio interview in Chicago last year. Closing out the program, the announcer (Studs Terkel) asked if they had anything more they wanted to say. They replied that, yes, they had a message for the world, and they were, of course, invited to give it. Their three messages were, in order: "Fried shoes." "Meow." And "Chicago is a wose" (i.e., a "rose" with a lisp).

So much for the intellectual revolution. To the extent that the Beat Generation can be thought of as a literary movement, it has been systematically vitiated by this insistence on the holiness of the impromptu and by the urge to play the lunatic. Whether or not Jack Kerouac has traces of a talent, he remains basically a high school athlete who went from Lowell, Massachusetts, to Skid Row, losing his eraser en route. His method of composition, as he himself has described it, is to put a roll of paper in the typewriter and to bang out eight or ten feet a day. Nothing must be changed because "whatever you try to delete . . . that's what's most interesting to a doctor."

I take Kerouac's particular phrasing of that point as symptomatic of a narcissistic sickliness in all Beat writing. "This is important," it says, "because it happened to sacred me." The object seems to be to document one's own psyche on the assumption that every reader will find it as interesting as your psychiatrist does. Sorry, boys: I find it zany without illumination, precious rather than personal, and just plain dull.

For the Zen-spill turns out to be simply a license to write without revision. "It's a new method of composition," Allen Ginsberg told me over the phone a while back. He was assuring me that the first part of "Howl" was written entirely without revision. He had, he confessed, tinkered a bit with the second part.

Ginsberg, for all his carefully cultivated (and natural) zaniness, is a writer far above Kerouac in my estimation. I find that first part of "Howl" a compelling piece of writing. I also find it impossible to believe (though I may be confessing my own square blindness in saying so) that any man could put together without revision as tight a catalogue as I find there. By a "tight catalogue" I mean a piling up of specific details that are intimately related, that maintain interest despite lengthy enumeration, that move at a reader-compelling pace, and that mount to a unified effect that is somehow greater than the sum of its parts. Perhaps it was written exactly as Ginsberg says it was. Or perhaps he had prepared a great deal of it in his mind before committing it to paper. Perhaps he is simply making a claim for effect. All I can do here is record both my doubts that the catalogue was entirely impromptu, and Ginsberg's insistence that it was.

But whatever the truth of the matter, and ready as I am to admire that first part of "Howl," I cannot find that Ginsberg has written anything worth reading since "Howl." Nor can I find any vein of poetic gold in Ferlinghetti, in Corso, or in the odds and ends of the less well-known Beats. As the literary heritage of the Beat Generation, I conclude, we are left the unreadable un-novels of Kerouac and the first part of "Howl." Add in the Beat influence on a few writers such as Normal Mailer who were on their way before the Beats, but took some of their later direction from behind the beard. It still seems a thin enough achievement for what has been the most talked-of "literary" movement of the last decade. Its very paucity serves to underline the fact that even the literary leaders of the Beats have made their careers primarily in personal eccentricity rather than in writing.

There remains William S. Burroughs, whose "Naked Lunch" is a powerful empathetic descent into the Hell of dope addiction. But though Burroughs has been claimed by the Beats and has been featured in collections of Beat writing, he is, in simple fact, his own kind of madman, a lost soul who has skidded through every mud at the bottom of the world in his journey from one addiction to another. A writer of careful horrors, Burroughs certainly has admitted revision as part of his craft. His literary ancestry may perhaps be best described as a combination of surrealism and Henry Miller. The point is that he would have written exactly as he does write had there never been a Beat Generation. And though many readers will find Burroughs's writing revolting, the revulsion is from reality. Its passion has been suffered rather than theorized.

Aside from the frivolity of depending upon improvisation as a method of composition, it is exactly in its tendency to be theorized rather than suffered that Beat writing seems thinnest. It tends too readily to become not intellect but exhibitionism posing as intellect. It talks endlessly about itself (like those endless dull movies about making movies). And it claims even to be a revolution in human values, but the fact is that the Beat Generation is basically the product of a false dilemma.

There is always reason enough for the young to rebel from the patterns of American complacency. Up at 6:30 to punch an eight o'clock time card,

(*Continued on page* 42)

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A Life of Desperate Resolution

By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH he died in his twenty-ninth year, Stephen Crane left a body of work that has given him a secure place in American letters. "The Red Badge of Courage," of course, has been accepted as an American classic, but he was not a man of one book. "Maggie," "George's Mother," "The Open Boat," "The Blue Hotel"—these and other stories and some of the poems are part of the firm foundation on which his reputation rests.

The publication of **"Stephen Crane: Letters"** (New York University Press, $6.50) is the kind of act of piety that demonstrates Crane's eminence now, sixty years after his death. Two scholars, Lillian Gilkes and R. W. Stallman, have sought diligently in public and private libraries for every scrap of Crane's correspondence. They have labored to establish dates and identify correspondents, and they have furnished masses of footnotes. Although other letters may turn up, as Stallman sorrowfully admits, the job as of the moment has been done up brown.

Stallman has been working on Crane for some time, and in 1952 he published "Stephen Crane: An Omnibus," which contains an excellent selection of Crane's writings together with a good deal of objectionable editorial material. Miss Gilkes is an expert on Cora Crane, the woman who was regarded as Crane's wife though there is no evidence that they were legally married, and she is publishing a biography of her next fall. They are both authorities, and the reader is not likely to forget it.

According to Stallman, there are fifty-six Crane letters and inscriptions that are published here for the first time. Most of the letters, and almost all the interesting ones, have been published before. Stallman himself skimmed off the cream in the "Omnibus," in which he included 120 letters. Other important letters have appeared in "Stephen Crane's Love Letters to Nellie Crouse." The new letters are mostly pretty trivial.

On the plus side we must count the fact that the editors have wisely decided to include a certain number of letters to and about Crane. In the early sections there are letters from William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, Elbert Hubbard. In the later sections there are many letters from Cora Crane to various correspondents, written while Crane was fatally ill, and there are letters to both Cora Crane and Stephen from Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Edward Garnett, and others. The editors have also published an appendix that includes impressions and appreciations of Crane by many different persons, and much of this material is interesting.

Crane

According to Stallman, he edited the letters written prior to December 1, 1897; Miss Gilkes did the rest.Both are scrupulous editors, by no means sparing of footnotes. Miss Gilkes is largely objective, though perhaps inclined to make as much as possible of the importance of Cora Crane. Stallman has axes to grind. He gleefully points out the mistakes of Thomas Beer and John Berryman, Crane's biographers, although he is somewhat less belligerent than he was in the "Omnibus," and he has certain pet theories. One of these is that a dinner given by Elbert Hubbard's Society of Philistines was a disillusioning experience for Crane and a turning point in his life. I can find nothing in the letters, however, to suggest that Crane didn't take the dinner in his stride.

Stallman says that Crane wasn't a great letter writer, and that is understatement. There are few letters in the volume that one would read for their own sake, and even fewer that bear the stamp of a writer of genius. The letters, moreover, tell us less about Crane than we should like to know. Except when he was writing to women to whom he was attracted, he put little of himself into his correspondence, and even his love letters are less than revelatory.

Nevertheless, Crane's attitude towards life does manifest itself. As early as 1894 he spoke to Hamlin Garland of "my row with the world." "As a matter of fact," he went on, "I have just crawled out of the fifty-third ditch into which I have been cast." A year later he said of "The Red Badge of Courage": "It was an effort born of pain—despair, almost; and I believe that this made it a better piece of literature than it otherwise would have been. It seems a pity that art should be a child of pain, and yet I think it is." To Nellie Crouse, one of the women in whom he confided, he wrote: "For my own part, I am minded to die in my thirty-fifth year. I think that is all I care to stand. I don't like to make wise remarks on the aspect of life but I will say that it doesn't strike me as particularly worth the trouble." And again to Nellie Crouse: "From this moment to that deathbed may be a short time or a long one but at any rate it means a life of labor and sorrow. I do not confront it blithely. I confront it with desperate resolution."

There is plenty of confirming evidence. Willa Cather saw Crane only once, when he happened to be in Lincoln, Nebraska, but many years later she remembered her talk with him: "In all his long tirade, Crane never raised his voice; he spoke slowly and monotonously and even calmly, but I have never known so bitter a heart in any man as he revealed to me that night. It was an arraignment of the wages of life, an invocation to the ministers of hate." In 1897 Joseph Conrad wrote Edward Garnett: "I had Crane here last Sunday. We talked and smoked half the night. He is strangely hopeless about himself." And Conrad added, "I like him."

Crane did indeed confront life with desperate resolution, and his last years, as reflected in his letters and especially in Cora Crane's, were full of heroic struggle. Thanks in large measure to his impracticality in all money matters, he was heavily in debt, and he battled ceaselessly with ill health in order to meet his obligations. "Mr. Crane is ill again—in bed but is still keeping at his work." So Cora Crane writes James B. Pinker, Crane's agent, in one of her many frantic appeals for money. He did an extraordinary amount of work after he came back from Cuba in early 1899, and though none of it was equal to his best, some of it was good.

The "Letters" is a volume for the student rather than the general reader, and the student, as I have pointed out, will find in it much that is familiar to him. Despite this and despite the fussiness of the editing, it is a good thing that the book has been published. Here are all the letters in one volume, and here also is a mass of valuable material pertaining to Crane's life and work. One does get, in the end, a sense of the man. His theory, which he expressed more than once, that art is the child of pain, may not apply to all art but it does to his. Out of his suffering and despair, out of his lifelong "row with the world," came great books.

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SR's Book of the Week

—From "The General's Wife."

(Front, l. to r.) Jesse, Ulysses, Jr., Mrs. Grant (rear, standing) Nellie, Frederick Dent, and General Grant as painted by William Cogswell in 1868.

The Man a Nation Couldn't Spare

"Grant Moves South," by Bruce Catton *(Little, Brown. 564 pp. $6.50), carries on, at his widow's request, the multivolumed biography of the Union leader begun by the late Lloyd Lewis. David M. Potter, Coe professor of American history at Yale, wrote "Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis."*

By David M. Potter

DURING his lifetime, Ulysses S. Grant ran a gamut from disgrace to apotheosis and most of the way back again. The failure who was forced to leave the army in 1854 because he was drinking too much had become the hero of Appomattox by 1865, and the hero of Appomattox had gone on to a disastrous, corruption-ridden Presidency and to financial ruin in the crash of Grant & Ward in 1884.

After his death the next year, his reputation continued to fluctuate. Some writers ranked his Vicksburg campaign with the classic military operations of all time, and General J. F. C. Fuller called him "the greatest strategist of his age." But others regarded him as a heavy-handed "butcher," who defeated Lee only by the brute weight of superior numbers, while sustaining more casualties than there were men in Lee's entire army. Henry Adams said of him that "the type was pre-intellectual, archaic, and would have seemed so even to the cave-dwellers."

At his nadir Grant was taken about as seriously as Grant's Tomb, but for almost a generation now his fame has been on the rise. General Fuller and A. L. Conger set the ball into motion about thirty years ago with studies that demonstrated convincingly the power of Grant's generalship. More recently, Kenneth P. Williams devoted the third and fourth volumes of his ground-breaking "Lincoln Finds a General" to Grant's Western campaigns. These volumes, displaying Williams's characteristic accuracy in detail and rigor in criticism, presented Grant as far the greatest of the Union commanders, and Williams intended to complete this picture of him with two more volumes on Grant's campaigns in the East. Earlier, Lloyd Lewis had undertaken the first full-scale biography, and in 1950 he published, as the initial volume, "Captain Sam Grant," dealing with the Union leader's life up to the outbreak of the Civil War. But Lewis died in 1950 and Williams died in 1958, so the prospects for a complete study dimmed.

As a result, however, of a quest by Mrs. Lewis for someone to carry on her husband's work, Bruce Catton agreed to take up the Lewis enterprise. The first fruit of this undertaking is "Grant Moves South," in which Catton carries Grant's career from the summer of '61 to the summer of '63—two crowning years during which Grant trained the 21st Illinois Volunteers, served for a brief time in Missouri, captured Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, fought the costly battle of Shiloh, suffered eclipse after Shiloh, and emerged again to plan and execute the bold and difficult operations that ended in the capture of Vicksburg with its entire army of 30,000 defenders.

For Civil War enthusiasts the big news of this volume will not be that Grant moves South, but that Catton moves West. As the foremost living historian of the military aspects of that war, Catton has already written an epic trilogy on the Army of the Potomac, thus falling in with the tradition which regards the Virginia front as the classic theatre. In "This Hallowed Ground" he ranged more widely, and in a shorter study of "U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition" Catton turned to his present theme. But "Grant Moves South" is his first major treatment of the Western campaigns. As he enters this new field his style of presentation alters somewhat, and the reader finds, to a degree, a new Catton. Heretofore, his forte has been the evocative re-creation of the human experience of the war—how it seemed and what it meant to the men who fought it. He has concentrated more on making the experience live than on analyzing the decisions of the high command. One measure of Catton's achievement in the present volume is that he still re-creates the human impact of the war most vividly, but he now also puts strategy and tactics into sharper focus than ever before. (It is revealing that the present book contains more maps than all the volumes of his trilogy.)

This dual awareness, both of war as a crucible of human qualities, and of strategy and tactics as a military art, stands Catton in good stead in dealing with a figure who showed rare attributes both as a man and as a general. Grant possessed a simplicity, a humanity, and a courage astonishingly parallel to the same characteristics in Lincoln. Catton's treatment shows these traits well, as for instance when Grant

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—*From "Grant Moves South."*

Gen. Grant—Man and soldier interact.

told a stretcher party that was taking up a dying Union soldier but leaving a mortally wounded Confederate on the field, "Take this Confederate too. Take them both together; the war is over between them." Grant's courage shows through on the fields of Donelson and Shiloh, when, on the brink of disaster, his reaction was not that he must prepare for retreat but that he must counterattack — a decision which he reached not as a choice but simply as a recognition of what he must do. During trials like these a self-effacing little man learned the difficult lessons that prepared him to become general-in-chief.

Thus the man and the soldier interact, and the experience of the man becomes the shaping of the strategist. In going with Catton from Fort Henry to Vicksburg, the reader follows a guide who uses less detail than Kenneth Williams employed in covering the same ground. Catton's analysis of strategy is not quite so probing as Williams's nor are his verdicts quite so tart. But the truly crucial developments are made to stand out in bolder relief by Mr. Catton, the vital factors are more clearly emphasized, and it is, therefore, somewhat easier to see the overview. Also, where Williams tended, perhaps, to derive the man from the soldier, Catton derives the soldier from the man.

Both Grant the soldier and Grant the man were impressive specimens of an American type at its best. Lincoln knew as much when he said, "I can't spare this man; he fights," and, on another occasion, "General Grant is a copious worker and fighter, but a very meager writer or telegrapher." Catton is superb in recreating Grant at the top of his working and fighting form. The reader who looks ahead may wonder what Mr. Catton will do with 1864, when he has to go again over ground that he has already traversed so brilliantly in "A Stillness at Appomattox," or with 1868, when he will be outside the military orbit altogether. But for 1862 and 1863 he proves himself an ideal interpreter of the period of Grant's rise to greatness. In the realm of Civil War literature, there is, notoriously, always a plethora of new titles, but "Grant Moves South" goes at once to the head of the line.

ULYSS'S BEST GIRL: Ishbel Ross, who is the biographer of a number of celebrated American women, turns now to Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant in **"The General's Wife"** (Dodd, Mead, $5). Ulysses and Julia Grant were a profoundly united couple, and so it is not easy to make a clear distinction between his life and hers. The two loved and needed each other. Against the opposition of her slave-owning father, the young antislavery lieutenant and the plainest but gayest of the Dent daughters were married.

Grant was not a warrior by temperament. He detested killing whether of men or of animals. He dreamed of being a farmer. Julia wanted whatever "Ulyss" wanted, and so they settled on the acreage that had been given her at her marriage. Julia shifted with composure and good humor from army to farming life, and while "Ulyss" cut wood, hauled, plowed, sowed, worked like a farmhand, she baked and gardened and raised their family.

His wife and children could always draw from the reticent Grant expressions of love. The three boys and one girl must have led an exceedingly happy childhood, for their parents believed that each youngster's own character was his best disciplinarian. The chapters on the Grant children have, in Miss Ross's book, a special delight.

The story of Grant's struggles to be given a colonelcy when the Civil War broke out, his humiliations, his slow ascent, are already well known. As he mounted higher in his commands Julia became a vital part in his army career. Her high spirits and her motherly attitude toward the soldiers made her a welcome figure in camp. Probably her greatest assets to her husband's fortune were her friendliness and good breeding. When Grant became the great hero, Julia's consideration of others heightened their popularity to the point where the White House became inevitable.

Those two Presidential terms were difficult, the last one almost a disaster, with mounting charges of corruption. The Dents were presumed to have profited greatly. Miss Ross touches upon this only briefly and, of course, defends Julia. Julia longed for a third term to combat the charges, but this was denied her husband. Their consolation came in a triumphant tour of the world.

It is very pleasant to get to know Julia Grant, who, in her devotion, was one of the more potent women in American history. As Miss Ross says: "She shared with unerring instinct the mixed fortunes of General Grant. Her faith in him was like a charm throughout his life. His love for her was a shield against destruction."

—HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MEMBERS OF THE WEDDING

From the title of the novel by Carson McCullers, Vera Perlman of New York City got the idea of assembling the names of pieces by various composers all of which are concerned with nuptials. She asks you to assign the correct compositions to the correct composers. The cake is cut on page 42.

1. Tchaikovsky	( ) "Wedding Day at Trollhagen"
2. Moussorgsky	( ) "Rustic Wedding Sympathy"
3. Bergsma	( ) "The Marriage"
4. Grieg	( ) "The Marriage of Figaro"
5. Nicolai	( ) "The Secret Marriage"
6. Mozart	( ) "Aurora's Wedding"
7. Smetana	( ) "The Bartered Bride"
8. Goldmark	( ) "The Tsar's Bride"
9. Cimarosa	( ) "The Wife of Martin Guerre"
10. Rimsky-Korsakov	( ) "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

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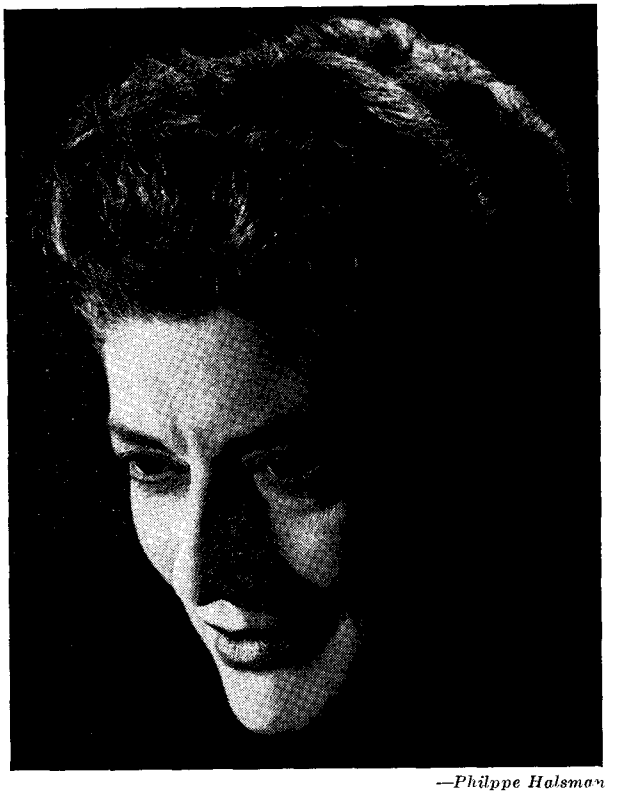
FICTION

Conjugating the Verb of Love



—Philippe Halsman

Marcia Davenport—a rich and leisured world.

"The Constant Image," by Marcia Davenport *(Scribners. 253 pp. $3.95), describes the love affair between a wealthy American divorcée and a married Italian. Italy, where Aubrey Menen has lived for the past decade, provides the setting for his novel "The Fig Tree."*

By Aubrey Menen

WHILE the men of other nations will go through fire and flood for a woman, the Italian male will go as far as his wife and family will let him, and no further. Everybody who knows Italy knows this. It is a sensible and sober state of affairs, very necessary among a volatile people, but I never thought that anybody could make a novel out of it. Marcia Davenport has not only done so, but she has also turned it into one of the most intelligent love stories of our times.

Her two principal characters have appeared in novels before. But I hope nobody will use them again without having thoroughly digested what Mrs. Davenport has to say about them. A well-to-do American woman, Harriet, beautiful but divorced, stays for some months in Milan. Carlo, handsome but firmly married, decides to add her to the series of women with whom he has had passing love affairs, all under the watchful eyes of his rich mother and patrician wife.

He makes elaborate advances to Harriet and she readily succumbs. After a while she notices, writes Mrs. Davenport, "that all the verbal wealth he lavished on their love-making was devoid of reference to the emotion of love." It is one of the many observations throughout the book which show the author's lucid knowledge of the character of Italian men. It is quite true. No emotion is involved in these *avventure,* as they are called, save that of manly pride or, perhaps, vainglory. Indeed, everything that Mrs. Davenport writes about the Italians in this book seems to me to be true. She likes them, she knows them, and to read her is as much an education as a five-year stay within the country itself.

All goes well with the affair until a most un-Italian thing happens, as well it might, since Italians are not made from a rubber stamp. Carlo falls genuinely in love with Harriet. His wife, his mother, and his friends are shocked. He is breaking the rules, unforgivably. They put it down to the fact that Harriet comes from America, where women are homebreakers and notoriously loose. Carlo's wife decides to put her foot down. So does her mother, and Milan society agrees with them.

The scenes in which this happens are magnificently written. Mrs. Davenport, has caught, in a special prose, the cold fury that Italians bring to a quarrel about personal affairs, and the wounding, calculated bitterness with which such fights are conducted by an otherwise warmhearted and gentle people. These

MARCIA DAVENPORT is as much at home in Italy as she is in her native United States. For the past twelve years she has divided her time between a large New York apartment, which boasts a panoramic view of the East River, and a villa on Lake Como. Italy has enraptured her ever since childhood when she accompanied her mother, soprano Alma Gluck, on tours of Italian opera houses. America is where Mrs. Davenport does her writing. Italy is where she cultivates her gardens—and not only spiritually. She has flower beds, terraces of vegetables and a grove of olive trees from which she makes her own olive oil. Not only is Mrs. Davenport an expert on Italian folkways, but her knowledge of the language is such that she even thinks in Italian. Certainly her long friendship with Italy lends authority to her new novel, "The Constant Image," which tells of Italian-style love and marriage.

"Italians," Mrs. Davenport said recently, "seem volatile and emotional, yet underneath they are extremely rational. Their attitudes toward love and marriage are particularly coolheaded. Because divorce is impossible for them, marriages are entered into more cautiously than in this country. Italian girls must not be filled with fanciful, romantic notions about marriage." Italian wives, it seems, are not only realistic, they are also patient. "They realize that the emotional explosions generally occur during the early years of marriage; consequently, they take a long-range view. They wait it out quietly, busy with their children, secure in the knowledge that the maturer years of their marriage—and of their husbands—will be marked by contentment. Americans, on the other hand," she went on, "are less tolerant of human nature within the marital framework. They are all too ready to run to Reno."

However vigorous her ideas about marriage are, as a writer, Mrs. Davenport prides herself on being an old-fashioned storyteller. She leaves all the moral judgments to the reader. —R.W.S.

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chapters of the book are so exciting to read that one takes one's eye off the author. When they are finished, one realizes that by skillfully concealed use of the writer's art, Mrs. Davenport has succeeded in winning the reader away from the two lovers and over to the family's point of view.

It is a remarkable feat, and the purpose of the book. Mrs. Davenport, who admires the solidity of the Italian family, agrees that American women are casual about love and wantonly destroy homes.

"The Constant Image" is set in a rich and leisured world; its characters are minutely drawn. It is a book in the fine tradition of Henry James and Edith Wharton. But Mrs. Davenport knows her own mind better than James ever did and she can, when she is at her best, write Edith Wharton's head off.

A Colossus Was Cast in Hellas

"The Bronze God of Rhodes," by L. Sprague de Camp *(Doubleday. 406 pp. $4.50), set in Hellenistic times, tells of a Greek-Phoenician sculptor whose statue of Helios is one of the world's wonders. Robert Payne is the author of many books, including "The Gold of Troy."*

By Robert Payne

WHEN ALEXANDER the Great died, his companions and their descendants warred for the empire like dogs fighting over a bone. Huge armies swept across Persia, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Greece. Great naval battles were fought. All over the eastern Mediterrean Greek generals found themselves opposing Greek generals, until at last they exhausted themselves and lived in an uneasy truce with one another. For 300 years, under the impetus given by these cultivated generals, the Near East remained Greek.

Historians are inclined to think that these three centuries added little to the sum of human knowledge and experience. The fiction writer, aware of the astonishing sweep and color of the Hellenistic age, is under no obligation to believe that it was decadent. He can riot in the color, and abandon himself to the swift march of events in the interminable civil war. What is surprising is that so few novelists have attempted to come to grips with a period so obviously exciting and so rich in incident. I imagine that part of the difficulty is to find a central character who will represent the quintessence of those times.

Mr. de Camp has brilliantly solved the problem of the central character by choosing Chares of Lindos, the sculptor who, after the defeat of Demetrios Poliorcetes, erected on the island of Rhodes the colossal statue of Helios, which was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world. Chares is a sympathetic character—undersized, half Greek, half Phoenician, as impudent as they come, with black curly hair and a smiling indifference to danger. He has a very human thirst for achievement and a more than ordinary capacity for getting himself in and out of hot water. He knows all about the construction of catapults and other engines of war, and it is sheer joy to watch him at the game. As a sculptor he penetrates the camp of Demetrios on behalf of the Rhodians to make a statue of the conqueror which will be put up in a public place in Rhodes. Chares has the charm of a character in a good picaresque novel. The center is solid. The trouble seems to lie in the wavering circumstances of the time and the shifting circumference of the story.

MR. DE CAMP is not content to tell the story of the attack on Rhodes, the tremendous siege engines, the mines and the countermines, and the building of the colossal statue when the enemies are driven away. He introduces at immense length a completely fabricated story about the robe of Demetrios, which is hidden away in a mysterious sarcophagus in Memphis, the holy city of Egypt. He picks up a woman during his search for it, fights off enemies up and down the Nile, penetrates the bull-chamber and removes the torn robe from its hiding place, and, after a brief and very casual conversation with Ptolemy, half-brother to Alexander, he sails to Rhodes, which is still being besieged.

The Egyptian adventure is pretty terrible. Everything goes wrong. The Egyptian woman talks in the authentic accents of one of Somerset Maugham's trollops from Indo-China. There are long, bloated discussions on the nature of the Egyptian gods. The scenery is oddly unreal, like that in a Technicolor movie.

Back in Rhodes, Mr. de Camp is once more in his element. The center holds. A real battle is being fought, and he describes it well, though by this time Chares is an experienced man, very wise in the ways of the world, and not so charming. The building of the colossus forms the coda, and seems to have been added as an afterthought.

If only the author had never dreamed up the strange adventures of the robe of Demetrios! If only Egypt had not got in the way! Whenever he writes of Greeks and purely Greek affairs, he writes masterfully—of sea and sky and battles of ships and catapults. It is good to be out to sea with him on a fighting boat; but beware when you sail toward the Egyptian shore.

NO TIME FOR FREUD: Someone should do Winston Graham a kindness and tell him that his latest novel, **"The Tumbled House"** (Doubleday, $4.50), is passé. As every aspiring writer knows, we are smack in the midst of the literary era of the small plot and the large neurosis. Yet what has foolish Mr. Graham done but written nearly 400 pages alive with five major characters and an excellent large supporting cast, all working out their tangled destinies with determination and dignity, just as if they had never heard of Dr. Freud.

The plot (one might carp a bit and say two loosely joined plots) strides briskly across the face of London, pausing for revealing glimpses into the underworld, the best clubs, concert halls, newspaper offices, slums, and law courts, to mention most of the choice stopovers. En route, there's a Montague-Capulet romance, a race against death, a spot of marital infidelity, and a fine libel trial. These teasing suggestions of what awaits the reader are offered in the hope of offsetting the publisher's clumsily written dust-jacket blurb: "A novel about a man who in trying to destroy another man's reputation destroyed his own."

In brief, "The Tumbled House" has everything but the proverbial kitchen sink, and with Winston Graham's talent, he could probably work that in successfully. No, his novel is not an important work of literature; yes, you can dine out this season without having read it. It's just a good story about a baker's dozen of likable people—even the villains—and if there's anything wrong with writing that type of novel, you can stand me up beside Mr. Graham and tell the firing squad to proceed.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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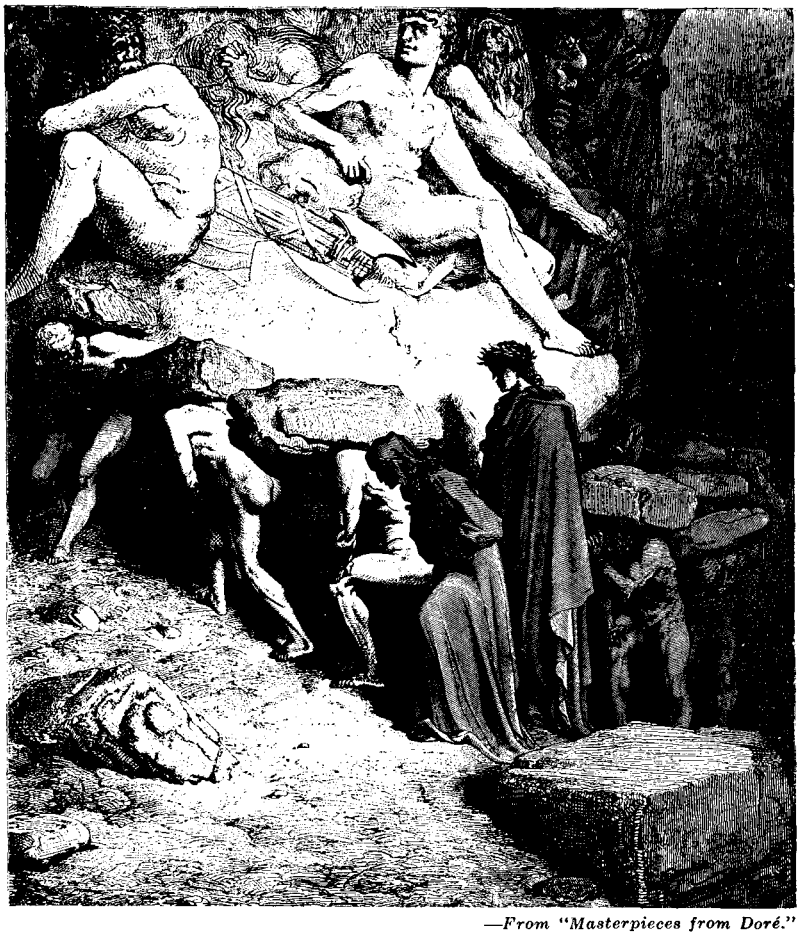
From the Mystic to the Merry, a Potpourri of Poetry

By KIMON FRIAR

IT IS not necessary to be devout or a Catholic in order to be moved by the "Divine Comedy," but it was necessary for Dante to have been both. Nor is it necessary to be a mystic or a saint to be moved by the poems of St. John of the Cross; he was sufficiently both, and, like Dante, a superb poet and psychologist. In a new translation by John Frederick Nims, "**The Poems of St. John of the Cross**" (Grove, paperback $1.95; cloth $3.95), the excellence of the rendering makes available both the vision and technical accomplishment of the poet, in a fluent colloquial English which retains to an astonishing degree the swift-running and ecstatic flow of the original. Nims is even distressed at being unable to reproduce such sound patterns as the stammering monosyllables and three "*ques*" in "*un no se que que quedan balbuciendo.*"

By keeping his diction direct and colloquial, by being faithful to St. John's attempt to express "the highest in terms of the lowest," Nims has given us the mystic's precise notation in finite terms of difficult and often ineffable modes of feeling. Lorca said that St. John was inspired not by the Muse, nor by the Angel, but by the *Duende*: Andalusian for an almost Dionysian power like that which moves the flamenco singer, the bullfighter. Such vision, to become visible, must be clad in homely images of daily life. But more importantly: St. John lived so overwhelmingly in the center of his spiritual experience, it was so much part of his breath and being, that it was not necessary for him to reach *out* of it into abstractions. He could express it in a variety of small details at hand, and thus give his vision body and blood. He is the poet *par excellence* of beatitude and the ecstatic; it was he, and not Dante (who excelled in the infernal and purgatorial) who should have written the "Paradiso."



—From "Masterpieces from Doré."

Dore's "The Burden of Pride," illustrating Canto XII of Dante's "Purgatorio."

It is unfortunate, and perhaps unfair, that John Taglibue's "**Poems**" (Harper, $3) and Sister M. Madeleva's "**The Four Last Things: Collected Poems**" (Macmillan, $4) should have been sent me together with those by St. John. Mr. Taglibue's are religious poems, and they reach out, in italics, for the big words: sun, star, comet, galaxy, truth, eternity's crown. However, unlike St. John, he is not a man writing from the inside out, but one from the outside trying to force his way in. He moves in a radiance of facile words and facile emotions, which are not convincing representations of the experience he would like to communicate. Like the poems of José García Villa, his easy commerce with God leaves me uneasy.

"Within the shell of everything," he sings, "Is sea and song and eternity," and I gaze at the lines blankly, for these words are mist and fail to open on the foam of perilous seas. His Whitmanesque invitation to know him better leaves his guests with embarrassed restraint: "all I have to say about myself for the moment, dear Reader, is I speak / I type / I love you." The best poem in the book, indeed, is the one which Mark Van Doren has written in lieu of preface, and it is one of Van Doren's best efforts.

Sister Madeleva is laden with academic honors and poetry awards. "I have never had the leisure for writing," she tells us in her preface, "save such times as one takes to recover from flu, winter colds, fatigue." Undoubtedly Sister Madeleva means these words to be tokens of humility, and I doubt if she realized how arrogant and condescending they must seem to poets whose work is a life dedication. For St. John his poetry and his labyrinthine analysis of it in "The Dark Night of the Soul" and "The Ascent of Mt. Carmel" were a fundamental rung on the ladder with which he mounted toward God. Although Hopkins would not write poetry without the permis-

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sion of his superiors, he then wrote it with the full command of all his powers, technical and spiritual, and not in moments of fatigue or recuperation from colds. What may be found, then, in the versifications of Sister Madeleva is an adroit and extremely competent use of stock cadences, rhythms, rhymes, stanzaic schemes, and a flaunting emotion which, one feels, is meant to be rather daring for a nun. At her best, Sister Madeleva is a sort of Edna St. Vincent Millay of the Catholic Church.

From these two poets, one spuriously religious and the other religiously spurious, one turns with joyous relief to **"Lyrics of the Middle Ages"** (Grove, $4.75) edited by Hubert Creekmore, an anthology drawn from fourteen European languages of the period from 500 to 1500, and illustrated charmingly with medieval woodcuts. During the war years when I was teaching at Amherst, I would often visit the late George Whicher at his home, where by the fireside he would read me his recent translations from the Golliard poets, several of which, to my delight, are included in this anthology. He told me that he translated these poets to keep his mind free from the horrors of the war, and surely no better antidote to slaughter can be imagined than in their happy, bawdy, lively, and frolicsome poems, the sunny side of the Dark Ages, "The Bright Day of the Soul." Even lamentation is indulged in passionately, with fire and spirit.

Mr. Creekmore has culled his selection from a great variety of excellent translators from various periods (Pound, Symonds, Fitts, Waddell, Lindsay, Shelley, Cowley, Dryden), and his own translations are among the best in the collection. In a series of nine-line stanzas, he keeps his rhymes juggling with dazzling brilliance for four masculine and five feminine tintinnabulations. The playful subject matter of these poems allows a translator full freedom of paraphrase, and in the hands of such expert translators these poems should in time become part of our English heritage.

Mr. Creekmore is also responsible for introducing us to Dafydd ap Gwilym, "the greatest poet of this era in Wales, and indeed one of the greatest in all Europe." Although the small representation is insufficient to substantiate this claim, I was delighted with Gwilym's "modern" use of trope: snowflakes are "white bees of heaven on the wing," or, more coarsely, spit falling from another star; a seagull is "a glove of the sea," and of his lady he writes that she "excellently bears copper hair, / That oats and barley seem harvested there."

The spare and rock-ribbed landscape of Spain continues to give birth to the spiritual grandsons of St. John and El Greco. We now have a bilingual edition **"Eighty Poems of Antonio Machado"** (Las Americas, N. Y., $5; Student edition, $3.50) in a sensitive rendering by Willis Barnstone, which acts as the perfect foil for the Spanish text: precise without being literal, limpid, yet never flaccid. In one of two prefaces, John Dos Passos describes Machado's language as being "dry, spare, and luminous," its music "austere and plain."

JIMENEZ writes that whenever he met the solitary poet in the morning, he felt that Machado had just risen from the grave, and although both Dos Passos and Jiménez emphasize Machado's complete acceptance of death, his poems convince me that his acceptance was only the recoil of one to whom the sights and sounds of life were unbearably sweet. He turned his back on Millay's "World, world, I cannot hold thee close enough," and limned the other side of that shield with phosphorescence. When "the handsome angel," the "devil of my dreams," appeared to him and beckoned for him to follow, he replied, "Never. Tombs and the dead terrify me." In his elegy for Lorca, Machado has the martyred poet say to death: "I will sing you the flesh you do not have, / the eyes you lack." And this is precisely what he has done in his own poetry. "Am I a classic or romantic?" he asks in one poem. "I don't know. / I would leave my verse as a warrior his blade: / known for the manly hand that made it glow, / not for the smithy's famous mark or trade." To the world at large he wrote: "In the end I owe you nothing. You owe me what I write."

The younger poets today, in their reaction to the compressions of Pound or Eliot, are trying perhaps to attain Machado's simplicity too soon, for it is a simplicity that does not belong to youth, but to the distillation of a complex maturity. Youth is *not* wasted on the young; extravagance belongs to the young who in their abundance rift their ore with gold; what Machado attained is worthy of such extravagance.

Such extravagance, though muted, inspired Rainer Maria Rilke when in early youth, and in one night alone, he wrote **"The Lay of the Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke"** (Norton, $3.75). It has since sold more than a million copies in Germany alone. This is a revised bilingual edition by M. D. Herter Norton, whose dedication to Rilke has given us almost all his work in a series of respectful translations which are clear aids to the text rather than accomplishments in their own right. The popularity of this poem plagued Rilke much as "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" plagued Yeats. Both poems can be loved only nostalgically, as the immature products of great poets deserve to be loved by devotees or historical appraisers.

There is rather less to be said for **"The Poetry of Boris Pasternak, 1917-1959"** (Putnam, $4), selected and translated by George Reavey. Being one of those who was unable to finish the chunky, plodding pages of "Doctor Zhivago," I approached the poetry of Boris Pasternak with a half-guilty eagerness to be convinced and moved. Unfortunately, from the beginning, I floundered in the shallows of threadbare, alternately rhymed quatrains, and

The Were-Man

By Robert Graves

ALONE, alone and well alone at last,
Sentries by stealth outwitted, frontiers passed!
Yet walking alien thoroughfares, you brood
Fearfully on the man by this feat rescued.

Never before, though trusted friends were few,
Though your own love of loves her oath outgrew,
Though off to the loud wars your children ran,
Never before closeted with a were-man.

Loathing his sylvan company, unable
To bed with him or set his place at table,
A savage life you lead, condemned to share
Your hearth with one whose habitat is nowhere.

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often stumbled in the syntactical jungles of a "translation English" which obscured my vision with its clumsy grammar, its dislocations of phrasing to facilitate rhyming, and its painful inversions.

In "A Rift in the Clouds," for example, what does the translator mean by "A plate the lake so large resembles"? Does he mean "The plate resembles a very large lake," or "The very large lake resembles a plate"? Then, again, I have an academic distaste for "so" taking the place of an intensive. Is the singular use of the verb in "And future's voice our utterance haunt [sic]" due to bad proofreading, intention, or the so-called "exigencies of rhyme"? To the well-worn quatrains are wedded cadences equally threadbare until at times I felt I was reading John Masefield first translated into Russian and then retranslated into English. Once, in Montevideo, I thought of translating Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale" from the Spanish back into English for the fun of seeing what would result, and I still shudder to think of what might have been the consequence.

In desperation, I turned to some poems by Pasternak translated into English by C. Maurice Bowra and Babette Deutsch in "**Safe Conduct, an Autobiography and Other Writings**" (New Directions, $1.35), and here the translations were far superior as English entities: clear in their intention, expert in phrasing and melody. But a comparison of identical poems in the two books brought me to dismay again. One translator renders "suffering" and the other "nostalgia"; one refers to "peace" as the subject, and the other to the "Old One," although I cannot tell whether this means Satan or the Old Year. One translates "star" and the other "asterisks" and in a footnote explains that asterisks are used by Russians where Americans would use a row of dots to represent lacunae. In other words, the reader cannot even be assured of fundamental accuracy. Pasternak cannot be accepted as a great or even interesting poet with the thirteen poems available in Bowra's and Deutsch's translations, and certainly not in the ambiguities of Reavey's versions. Mr. Reavey has also supplied a very long introduction, which contains much interesting information, but is garrulous and ill-shaped.

Though Boris Pasternak may be a Communist poet in revolt, seen through a glass darkly in translation, there is no doubting Bertolt Brecht's allegiance in "**Selected Poems**" (Grove, paperback $1.95; cloth $3.95), translated with an introduction by H. R. Hays. Perhaps the obfuscation and ambiguities I find in the translations of Pasternak lie deeper: in the ambiguities of his own position as artist in a Communist society. Brecht, on the other hand, accepted the tenets of Marxism as Dante accepted those of the Catholic Church, though unlike Dante he repudiated individual psychology and rejected Aristotelian canons of tragedy. His contemplation of misery, physical suffering, and death did not lead to evasion or to the mysticism of St. John, but to a materialistic castigation of economic ills. He saved himself as an artist because he turned to those forms and modes of poetry in which didacticism, leavened by irony, satire, and wit, are wedded to the fable and the folk ballad.

Like Machado, Brecht has a monolithic cohesion, but whereas Machado—equally a foe of Fascism—shrank into a solitary individualism and looked out at the world through the embrasures of his battlements, Brecht marched out to spread his battalions everywhere, "the only social poet," as Hays points out, "whose form and matter coincide." Like St. John of the Cross, like Dante, Brecht is moved by a totalitarian view of life seen from a mountain peak as isolated as theirs. All these poets communicate their views with a validity and technique that is convincing to readers of opposing views, and nothing else can better teach us that poetry is never one thing or one view or one technique, but is as protean, multifaceted, and contradictory as life itself, of which it is an expression. Mr. Hays's translations are highly competent, colloquial, and clear, but one wonders what the early or middle Auden might have done with these poems in terms of balladry, savagery, and bite.

What, under such diversified tradition—St. John, the medieval lyricists, Machado, Pasternak, Rilke, Brecht—are "**The Poets of Today**" doing in their fourth yearly manifestation (Scribners, $3.95), so sympathetically introduced by John Hall Wheelock? Here are Gene Baro in "Northwind and Other Poems," Donald Finkel in "The Clothing's New Emperor and Other Poems," and Walter Stone in "Poem, 1955-1958." Mr. Baro writes deft verses in good taste of a man in love with his natural surroundings; the image of a man scuffing leaves in a country gutter symbolizes the pleasure and melancholy of such ruminations. He wants, he says, to achieve poetry of "limpid clarity and simplicity," and this he has done, though neither the clarity nor the simplicity are revelatory of a former poet's "Songs of Innocence."

Donald Finkel has the most variegated and agile mind of the poets here represented, but he has not yet found his own authoritative voice. Echoes of Wallace Stevens abound. I was startled and pleased to see in his collection a series of poems entitled "The Hunt of the Unicorn," written about those most beautiful of all medieval tapestries which hang in The Cloisters in New York City. What a splendid idea for a poem, I thought, and eagerly opened to the photographs of these tapestries in my Cloisters catalogue as I followed the delineation of the verses. Though finely executed,

—*Culver Service.*

"Christ in Gethsemane," by El Greco, whose spiritual grandsons still sing of Spain.

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with dexterous warp and woof, the poems are not the equivalent (as they necessarily must be) of the artistic imagination which designed and executed the original fabric. I liked the fourth poem best, "The Unicorn Is Captured by the Maiden," and especially its last stanza: "O good St. Venus, by your grace, / Whiter than Dian and twice as chaste, / In your lap and mercy lie, / Rapt in sensual heresy, / Half your lover, half your son, / The cuckold king, the judased unicorn."

BUT it is Walter Stone by whom I am most moved among these three poets, and I cannot tell how much I am moved by knowing that he died at the age of forty-two when he was just beginning to break through the dam of perfectionism that had stifled his expression for many years, and by knowing that he was married to an equally fine poet, Ruth Stone, author of **"In an Iridescent Time"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), in what must have been, if their verses are true witnesses, an extraordinarily creative and balanced relationship. His poems are steeped in the ordered despair of all those whose fruition comes late in life, in the inexorability of time and in the sense of difficulties experienced and shared ("The Web"). Some of the best descriptions I have read of love-making are in his "Compelled Love" and "Ten P.M."

In "The Brothers," written in his thirty-ninth year, Walter Stone describes himself as a ruined mansion inhabited by thirty-nine brothers, all living with one another in confusion and contradiction, for "Yearly another brother is born to the others. / Older than those before him." What can bridge the thirty-nine selves in fraternity? Out of this complexity Walter Stone built the ruined mansion of his poetry. His death, at a time when he had learned his draughtsmanship, is a loss to poets everywhere. He has left us a definition of poetry as good as any other: "language married to music, reason embraced by imagination, intellect in the clasp of emotion, the outer world and the inner life united in metaphor."

With his wife, Ruth Stone, we enter into an iridescent world of larks, brake, and crab-grass; but suddenly we become involved in a rich tapestry-landscape of unicorns and scale-tailed dragons (it is she who should have written "The Hunt of the Unicorn"), of slain pigeons and octopi, of burned, unstable bridges over which the trolley of childhood passes. In the wood's mold and tangled fern we see lovers kissing as they lie on sweet lemon lilies, fern, and grass which a dead man's hissing flesh beneath them makes fruitful. Although oftentimes her subject matter is grisly, not a line is in bad taste, for she treats her material with a brilliant lyricism, and carves it with such finesse that every gargoyle becomes a creation of love. Husband and wife have created their own world of reality and imagination in which only true poets may live.

Hy Sobiloff's **"In the Deepest Aquarium"** (Dial, $3) is appreciatively introduced by Allen Tate, who speaks highly of a truly magnificent line: "and time was energy outstretched on a turning sea." No other line or poem as a whole ever reaches that perception or intensity, and certainly not another phrase in the same poem admired by Tate: "our limp of mind." Mr. Sobiloff's poems are monolithic, his lines lack cadence, there is no melodic progression within a single stanza or between stanzas. Instead, we have staccato and precise descriptions of objects, but with little of the poetic realism of a William Carlos Williams or of the subtlety of Wallace Stevens. I. L. Solomon's **"Unit & Universe"** (Clarke & Way, N.Y., $3) shows an opposite fault, for too often his lyrical cadences fall into customary grooves. In "Hartford Poet" the subtitle is important: "Essence of an Encounter," and here he succeeds by not tabulating the obvious characteristics of Stevens, but by subtly evoking his cast of mind. If Sobiloff and Solomon could borrow some of each other's qualities—precision from one and lyrical cadence from the other—a fine poetry might ensue.

What a pleasure to turn to the agile spoofing of Reed Whittmore's **"The Self-Made Man and Other Poems"** (Macmillan, $1.25). I am sorry to have been deprived of sixteen pages of Mr. Whittmore's deflations of the modern pompous ego, since pages 9 to 24 of the proof sheets sent me were missing. A harrassed quarterly reviewer could not offer a better compliment. Equally delightful are W. W. Watt's **"One Man's Meter"** (Rinehart, $3), especially his parodies: "sweaty bunch of cats in a low-down jazz band, / Jamming the ickies in a deep dark dive," or his sarcasm: "I have spot-resistant trousers / And a crease-resistant coat." But the one book to take on that mythical desert island is **"The Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry"** (Simon & Schuster, $6.50), edited by William Cole, veteran compiler of nine other anthologies of fun and frolic. It is a beautifully published volume, in which the seventy-two illustrations by such geniuses as Tenniel, Bad, Lear, Frost, etc., are not so much subservient to the text as humorous masterpieces themselves, which must be carefully *read* to be fully appreciated. This is the most complete and best book of humor of which I know, and Mr. Cole himself can sling a mean verseline: "They're putting on flippers from Key West to Darien,/And every young blood is an oxygenarian. . . . How diverse is the deep, which was heretofore manless,/ Where swims the anchovy, unsalted and canless.

The two most substantial books by established American poets in my quarterly list are Paul Engle's **"Poems in Praise"** (Random House, $3.50) and Delmore Schwartz's **"Summer Knowledge, 1938-1958"** (Doubleday, $4.95). Paul Engle's good qualities are well known: his affirmative and manly tone, his clear, passionate statements of Americana, a quick and agile mind skipping lightly and adroitly over a wide variety of subjects – as in this book, which praises people, places, children, and the war dead. His occasional poems about Frost, Baudelaire, Colette, William Carlos Williams are all apt and exactly what one might say about the authors in terms of the descriptive outer phrase, but there is no penetrating glimpse that might make them come alive as only one unique individual might see them.

Engle's sonnets to children are the best poems in his book, yet they must stand comparison with C. Day Lewis's sonnets on the same theme, "O Dreams, O Destinations." The former's poetry leaves little room for mystery, suggestivity, the reverberating overtone. Iowa produce crowds out the Grecian asphodel. But this is unfair, because it is obvious that Paul Engle writes the kind of poetry he admires, and it has its own place in the multiple American scene.

DELMORE Schwartz is one of the most permanently fascinating American poets. Half of "Summer Knowledge" is composed of poems collected from earlier works, somewhat revised, and half of new verse written during the past five years. Many of his earlier poems now belong permanently to the anthologies: "In the Naked Bed, in Plato's Cave," "The Heavy Bear Who Goes with Me." His "Coriolanus and His Mother," in which Beethoven, Marx, Freud, Aristotle, and a silent Unknown comment on a performance of Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," has become a classic in the genre of MacLeish's "The Hamlet of Archibald MacLeish" or Auden's "The Sea and the Mirror" (a poetic commentary on Shakespeare's "The Tempest.") It is a genre which should

(*Continued on page* 39)

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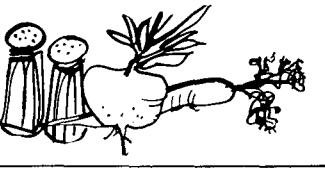
A Wide Range of New Books for This Year's Cooks

Around the world in many ways can travel this season's home-gourmets if they take the stove-safari SR plans below. Bonne cuisine!

THE BOOK	THE RECIPES	TOOLS, SKILL, TEXT	OPINION
"The Classic French Cuisine," by Joseph Donon (Knopf. 324 pp. $5).	An abundant array of France's delicious best: soups and salads, sauces and shellfish, meats and game. If you heed M. Donon's instructions, your dinner, from the filets de maquereaux de vin blanc on to the fragrant crème aux fraises Chantilly, is certain to be a *succès fou.*	M. Donon, whose long culinary career began in 1912 as chef de cuisine for Henry Frick, has great understanding of the American cook and carefully suggests alternatives for unobtainable ingredients. Wooden spoons, a wire whisk, a Dutch oven, and a few other standard utensils suffice for most of the recipes.	All those Great Dishes placed within the easy grasp of any cook who has yearned for but never dared to try them.
"Soyer's Cookery Book" (David McKay. 198 pp. $2.50).	First published in 1854, these recipes were conceived for the benefit of the working classes of Soyer's time, whose lack of nutrition and cooking know-how were of concern to this master chef of the rich and famous of his day.	Soyer, who established himself in London as chef of the renowned Reform Club, introduced to the kitchen world such innovations and labor-saving devices as small-sized ovens, ice trays, and the first gas-operated stoves. His text is opinionated and full of spirit.	This exact facsimile of Soyer's original book, initially entitled "A Shilling Cookery for the People," is a collector's item and a fascinating reflection of the period.
"The Good Fare and Cheer of Old England," by Joan Parry Dutton (Reynal. 246 pp. $3.95). Illustrated.	Possessing more than 100 recipes for British food, this nostalgic book takes you back to the "good time" of England when she enjoyed a great reputation for food. Her Stilton and Cheshire cheeses and Melton Mowbray pies, her Banbury buns, her roasts and game, her steak and kidney pies and, above all, her preserves and puddings (ah, heavenly Yorkshire) are all part of the old tradition.	In addition to the fascinating story of eating customs, Mrs. Dutton gives you hearty, easily prepared recipes—those that made English cooking famous—with an emphasis on "Briton's Oldest Friend," bread. 	Imaginatively illustrated with black and white drawings by J. S. Goodall, this book is a rare delight for those who have enjoyed the best of English cooking and who have basked in the beauties of the English countryside either in person or vicariously.
"Cook, My Darling Daughter," by Mildred O. Knopf (Knopf. 680 pp. $4.95).	This good, basic cookbook lists each procedure step by step. Most of the 600 recipes are American-style but some do sample worldwide cuisine. Two of the best sections deal with game ("Daddy's Gone A-Hunting") and meat, cheese, fish pies ("Not All Pies Are Apple").	Mrs. Knopf utilizes the best that American kitchens have to offer, including blenders, whippers, and other useful devices. Each chapter is prefaced with a letter to the author's daughter, "My Dear Wendy," which is so affectionately personal that one is apt to feel as if she were peeking at someone else's mail. Helpfully indexed.	Simple and clear enough for the bride to follow, the recipes are varied and sufficiently fresh to please the more experienced cook.
"The Art of Korean Cooking," by Harriett Morris (Tuttle. 104 pp. $2.25).	Adventurous plates from a little-known cuisine, most succulent of which are the recipes for soups (called *kooks*, of all things), which, together with rice and pickled vegetables, are staples of the Korean diet. The oriental salads are also enticing, but the meat dishes bow to their somewhat similar Chinese counterparts. Pervasive ingredients in these vitamin-heavy, low-calory exotics are scallions, sesame seeds, vinegar-soy sauce, and bean sprouts. And for decoration they have thinly sliced fried egg.	Given a dark place where air circulates freely, beans can be sprouted in less than a week, but they must be showered frequently and, when fully grown, skinned and depilated to ready them for the pan. Those with inertia can buy canned ones. The precise will need a tape measure to shape meat balls ½"x¼"x⅛", but the happy-go-lucky can forge ahead with the minimum of both savvy and gadgets, though owning a charcoal-burning *sinsul-lo* chafing dish does have an element of chic. Chapters are prefaced with singularly bland proverbs; sample: "Small, but nevertheless a pepper seed."	The refreshing new salads and *kooks* justify owning this spiral-bound guide.

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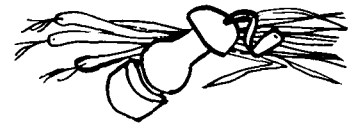
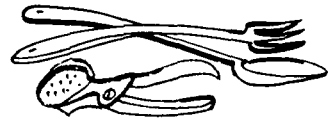
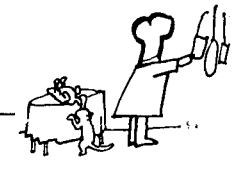
THE BOOK	THE RECIPES	TOOLS, SKILL, TEXT	OPINION
"Foodarama Party Book," by Joan Adams (Dutton. 128 pp. $3.50). Illustrated.	Included are directions for cakes and frostings, cookies, pies, ice cream, and other desserts, sandwiches for all occasions, main dishes of meat, poultry, and seafood, casseroles, salads and salad dressings, breads, beverages — a full span of recipes suitable not only for festive fare but for tasty nourishment to keep your family well-fed and happy.	Kelvinator's Joan Adams has concocted a well-nigh perfect party book—including prize recipes, table settings and decorations, even games. More than 20 different parties or occasions are featured to help you in your hostessing from Jan. 1 until the bells toll out the old year. For the novice or the expert, this book brims with ideas for small intimate parties, large formal or informal parties, family parties, school parties, outdoor barbecues, and countless other get-togethers.	For those who like to entertain — and don't most of us?—here is the perfect guide. The beautiful photographs and provocative recipes will tempt even the recluse to come out of his shell and toss a big one.
"Gastronomic Tour de France," by Jean Conil (Dutton. 376 pp. $7.95). Illustrated.	M. Conil, a distinguished chef, takes the reader on an epicure's holiday through France, stopping along the way to suggest the distinctive food, wines, cheeses from each region. From Gasgogne's pâté de foie à l'Armagnac to Bourgogne's escargots au Chablis, this is *haute cuisine française* at its best.	If you don't know what *roux* is, this one isn't for you. No time for explanations of basic steps for beginners in this tour. And be sure to keep the truffles and brandy handy.	The maps of each *département,* the lists of suggested restaurants and hotels make this a perfect gift for va-vacation-minded gourmet friends.
"Best of the Bake-Off Collection" (Grosset & Dunlap. 608 pp. $4.95; de luxe edition, $5.95). Illustrated.	1,000 tempting family recipes culled from ten annual Pillsbury's Grand National Bake-Off Contests. Bakeables range from sturdy basics to imaginative new creations in breads, main dishes, pastries, and desserts.	Any sensibly stocked kitchen can handle these recipes with ease. A chapter on "How to Perfect the Art of Baking" is direct and full of explicit detail, as are the recipes themselves. Illustrations on almost every page are sumptuous enough to excite the most casual browser.	A whopping good compendium of typically American cooking. Full of bright ideas with flour at the heart of it all.
"Good Cooking," by Nicholas Roosevelt (Harper. 340 pp. $4.50).	An unusual collection of practical, taste-tingling international recipes, hundreds of ideas on how to vary familiar dishes, and many specific suggestions and facts about the essentials of fine food and cooking. 	A practical cookbook for both the beginner and the advanced, this little gem deals at length and in detail with the "hows" of good cooking. Emphasis is placed on the great importance of seasoning and how to vary dishes each time they are prepared. A sparklingly presented basic guide and companion to the art, practice, and appreciation of kitchen fare and kitchen fancy.	Written by an established and "seasoned" expert, this book is full of useful information for beginners and stimulating ideas for the experienced.
"Hors d'Oeuvres: Favorite Recipes from Embassy Kitchens," compiled by the Women's Club of the U. S. Embassy, Tokyo (Tuttle. 104 pp. $2). Illustrated.	Foreign Service wives impart their diplomatic secrets for preparing appetizing tidbits. Everything can be dipped into, scooped up, or speared on a toothpick, even the Chinese dumplings and Cairo meat pies.	The economy-minded contributors suggest many fine appetizers concocted from leftover bits of meat and cheese. The loose-leaf format makes kitchen reading easy. 	The most jaded cocktail party habitué can't fail to be tempted by these exotic delicacies. A bargain for the price.
"Gourmet Old Vienna Cookbook: A Viennese Memoir," by Lillian Langseth - Christensen (Gourmet. 599 pp. $12.50). Illustrated.	Viands fit for Schönbrunn palace in a dazzling variety. Sixteen ways to gild hard-boiled eggs and proportionately more (both Austrian and *auslandische*) for other appetizers, seafood, salads, sandwiches, soufflés, meats, and desserts, many (including even lobster and beef) voluptuously embraced by puff paste and sauces.	Besides a pastry tube for all those ruffles and rosettes, you'll need the leisure of a Marie Antoinette and the expertise of a Brillat-Savarin properly to bedizen these Hapsburgian comestibles. And, my dear, do stock lots of goose livers and caviar. The several chapters recalling *Alt Wien* do not obtrude on the cookery directions, which are remarkably clear.	This one's a real challenge for the six-foot kitchenette, but it offers a fair number of realistic possibilities. In every respect a luxurious book, with fine typography and salivating photos.
"The Esquire Culinary Companion: Being an Exotic Cookery Book Or, Around Europe with Knife, Fork, and Spoon," By Charles H. Baker, Jr. (Crown. 310 pp. $5).	Filet of trout poached in wine with white grape sauce typifies the delicacies included in the generally elaborate "master recipes" pried from chefs in France and her Provinces, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Austria, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, England, and Scandinavia. A baker's dozen from choice restaurants in each area are given, followed by 13 additional recommended dinners, many of which will be familiar to the traveled reader.	While Mr. Baker has no prejudice against aids like Campbell's soups (brand specified), he's firm about eggs of "certified rural recency." A garrulous chap, he frequently tries one's calm with gratuitously coy directions: "cut small, stylish stout hen into pieces"; "*cook 'em slooooow*"; "While this marches, also sauté . . ."; "donate 2 to 4 tablespoons of . . ." A comprehensive herb shelf is needed, but, on the whole, the makings are easily obtainable.	The venturesome cook and peripatetic will find culinary inspiration and valuable where - to - eat suggestions in Mr. Baker's latest "Companion." 

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USA

Classifiers of a Vast Country

"Lewis Henry Morgan: The Indian Journals, 1859-62," edited by Leslie A. White *(University of Michigan Press. 229 pp. $17.50), and* ***"Army Exploration of the American West, 1803-1863," by William H. Goetzmann*** *(Yale University Press. 509 pp. $6.50), recapture the days of the American frontier. A native of Colorado, Hal Borland has written both fiction and nonfiction about the nineteenth-century West.*

By Hal Borland

—*From "Lewis Henry Morgan."*

A treaty-signing Osage chief.

LEWIS HENRY MORGAN, sometimes called "the father of American anthropology," is little known today except to the specialists. A hundred years ago he was a major figure, a lawyer by profession but a self-taught scientist of stature. Perhaps his lack of formal scientific training enabled him to avoid some of the traps into which the avid classifiers of his day plunged headlong. He, too, was a busy classifier, but his mind ranged wide, searching for meanings. And his interests were unusually broad.

Morgan made four long field trips into the West, seeking firsthand ethnological material. He went to Kansas and Nebraska in 1859 and 1860, to the Red River country of Minnesota and Manitoba in 1861, and to the Rocky Mountains at the head of the Missouri in 1862. On these trips he kept extensive journals, rich with his observations of flora, fauna, geography, geology, and social customs, not only among the Indians but among the frontier whites. He mined these journals, to some extent, for his scientific studies, but the journals themselves are now published for the first time, ably edited by Leslie A. White, professor of anthropology at the University of Michigan. The result is a lavish and fascinating book.

A notably curious and observant man, Morgan seemed to sense that he was seeing and hearing things that already were swiftly vanishing. One need not appraise his anthropological theories to appreciate his superb pictures of that time and place. Some of his observations are keener than those of Parkman, who was often scornful of frontiersmen and Indians, whom Morgan accepted as essentially aboriginal rather than disgustingly degraded. Morgan wrote precise reports, even in these personal journals.

Professor White has wisely omitted most of the tedious statistical data and he had done a thorough job of annotation. He has also provided a concise account of Morgan's life and work and prefatory material for each section of the journals. The book is lavishly illustrated with contemporary material, including color plates by George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, James Otto Lewis, and George Bird King.

Another phase of that change is examined in William H. Goetzmann's study of the Army's Corps of Topographical Engineers, which ranged over and mapped not only the area Morgan saw but the vast reaches all the way to the Pacific. Mr. Goetzmann examines and appraises the work of the Topographical Corps, which actually existed only from 1838 down to the Civil War. Considering that the Corps' total officer complement never exceeded thirty-six officers, its achievements were stupendous. It gathered bales of data for scientists in the East, it served sometimes obscure political purposes, and it opened the Far West, in practical terms, with its reports and its maps.

Mr. Goetzmann has done a stupendous job of research and he has packed his book with factual material. He has also undertaken an appraisal not only of the Corps' outstanding members but of the work accomplished. His appraisals are less impressive than his facts, perhaps because he insists on belittling the primary explorations by early trappers and Mountain Men and exalting the work of the Topographers.

He admits that the trappers guided the Topographers "and in the course of their duties educated their charges." He says that John C. Frémont learned virtually all he knew about the West from the trappers, and he calls Frémont "an archetypal figure of the Topographical Engineer." Then he sums up by saying that Frémont "made certain spectacular contributions to the appreciation of the West but . . . his scientific findings seem either inconclusive or anticipated by others." Actually, much of the work of the Corps, as the author shows elsewhere, was of more importance than that of Frémont.

But, such weaknesses aside, the book is rich with material. It covers the Frémont expeditions, the Mexican War Reconnaissance, the Boundary Survey in the Southwest, the Pacific Railroad Surveys, and the various Wagon Road Surveys. And it is generously illustrated. Its maps are particularly interesting for they show the range and scope of the various expeditions and the steady accumulation of knowledge. The maps tell a fascinating story of their own, including a whole chapter of major explorations made before the Topographical Corps came into being. One of the most extensive of these explorations was that made by Jedediah Smith in the 1820s. Smith, by the way, was a Mountain Man, and notes and maps that he made were still influencing official Government maps up to the time of the Civil War and perhaps after that.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 868

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 868 will be found in the next issue.

XG AGTSX PQGBCE QSFH HXGBLQ DCGMQHP MG TSNH QHO SPN, "AQSM'CC R AHSO?" –EGX QHOGCE.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 867

City life: Millions of people being lonesome together.

—HENRY THOREAU.

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Monkeyshines of the Medicine Men

"The Golden Age of Quackery," by Stewart Holbrook *(Macmillan. 302 pp. $4.95), carts one back to the days of Lydia Pinkham and Doan's Kidney Pills. In the course of his career as magazine editor, Ken W. Purdy has had occasion to examine innumerable vagaries.*

By Ken W. Purdy

THE FOURTEENTH book in Stewart Holbrook's continuing chronicle of Americana is "The Golden Age of Quackery." It is a detailed and amusing account of patent medicines and their purveyors; of nostrums, faith-cures, mechanical marvels, exotic Indian herbals, and the men and women who sometimes grew rich in selling them, sometimes did not, and sometimes (but not often) were noosed by the law.

By and large, it should be said at once, these were not amusing people. Most of them were swindlers plain and simple, intent upon selling eight cents' worth of herbs and vinegar for a dollar, and they were worse than swindlers: a peddler of wooden nutmegs did little harm, but a man selling a "cancer cure" did much. However, some were guided by wobbly, lopsided ethics. Holbrook quotes Violet Blossom, in her day (around the turn of the century) "The Queen of the Pitch Doctors": "Never doctor a sick man; and never, *never*, doctor a sick woman."

Some medicine-men took a stronger view. The writer recalls visiting a Midwest cancer-cure establishment twenty-odd years ago in the role of reporter, when a request to tour the place was answered in the direct negative: a pair of bouncers threw him down a flight of stairs and into the street.

Quackery in all its multifarious evil flourished from the founding of the Republic to the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act in 1907, but the Act, while it severely impeded the fakes, by no means drove them out of business. It did make difficult the marketing of a sawdust-and-red-pepper poultice as a specific for, say, tuberculosis. It forced the quacks into more exotic and more difficult fields of endeavor such as that which Mr. Holbrook calls "pipe-and-wire-therapy," the sale of weird mechanical or "electric" devices. If requiring more imagination to create than snake-oil, they were not much less rewarding: Of one such, the "Oxypathor," 45,451 were sold in three years around 1914 at $35 each. The cost of the machine was estimated to be $33.75 less than the selling price.

Mr. Holbrook pays deserved tribute to Samuel Hopkins Adams, one of the giants of reportage of the 1900s, whose ten-article series in *Collier's*, "The Great American Fraud," was a prime mover in the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act. So was Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," but he attacked in another sector.

"The Golden Age of Quackery" is studded with names that ring nostalgically: Doan's Kidney Pills, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the like. There was a time when hardly a red barn in the land was without a sign trumpeting the virtues of such as these. (The prime selling-point of many of them was a stiff alcoholic content.) And the old-time medicine shows! They were crowned by John E. Healey's "Kickapoo Indian Agency," operating out of a four-story building in New Haven, from which, every season, twenty-five troupes spread over the countryside.

The book is studded with amusing minutiae: the origin of the word "sundae" for example. Because the clergy fulminated against the "sucking of soda" on the Sabbath, some resourceful druggist spilled syrup on ice-cream and called the result "a Sunday soda."

A Rapid Transit of 400 Years

"The Golden Age of American History," edited by Frank Freidel *(Braziller. 536 pp. $7.50), through excerpts from the writings of Prescott, Bancroft, and their ilk, highlights 400 years of this continent's past. George E. Mowry, professor of history at the University of California, is author and co-author of several books, among them "A Short History of American Democracy."*

By George E. Mowry

IF THIS country ever succumbs to national amnesia, losing the sense of its own past, it will not be for lack of willing and able historians. Andrew Jackson was still President when George Bancroft started publishing his twelve-volume "History of the United States." Three years later William H. Prescott, sometimes referred to as the "American Thucydides," entered the lists with "Ferdinand and Isabella" and followed it shortly with his famous "Conquest of Mexico." From that time until the end of the nineteenth century a crowd of gentlemen-scholars, aspiring and expiring politicians, reformers, businessmen, and even two future Presidents of the United States, together with the omnipresent Adams family, contributed regularly and liberally to the written history of the nation. Since that date the gifted amateur has tended to disappear, his place being taken by academicians and professional popularizers.

Professor Freidel has confined his interest to the men of the nineteenth century. He has abstracted representative selections from their works, which in their sum rather spottily cover the history of the continent from the time that Cortez rode across the long dyke into the barbarian Aztec capital of Tenochtitlán to the dull and anticlimactic Presidential election of 1900. Included in this rapid transit of 400 years are sparkling selections from Prescott, Bancroft, Parkman, Fiske, and the Adams brothers, as well as less successful efforts by Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, John Back McMaster, Jefferson Davis, James Ford Rhodes, and Henry Wilson. The editor has supplied a short, fruitful preface and even shorter introductory notes to each selection. To the whole he has given the somewhat ambiguous title "The Golden Age of American History."

Mr. Freidel is to be congratulated on the intelligent discrimination used in making his selections. Most of them make excellent reading. Prescott's account of the overthrow of Montezuma, Bancroft's detailed description of the skirmishes of Lexington and Concord Bridge, and Parkman's story of Brad-

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dock's defeat are still unrivaled as exciting, fact-fleshed narratives. The selections are also fairly representative of the best of each author, giving a distinct sense of individual styles, and in most cases clearly indicating the biases from which the authors wrote. Prescott's attraction to and repulsion by varied facets of the Spanish character, Bancroft's glowing devotion to American democracy, Parkman's ardent love of the West, and the acid-etched political presuppositions of the Adams brothers all come through clearly here.

Finally the editor has managed by his ingenious selection to highlight most of the important crises of American history. The grim founding of Jamestown and Plymouth, the desperate struggle with France for the Ohio basin, the winning of independence from Great Britain, and the Constitutional crises that followed, the triumph of backwoods democracy with the election of Jackson, and the agony of the Civil War are all depicted.

A book of this character is almost bound to excite some comparison of the quality of the history written by the men of the nineteenth century with that produced today. The results are something of a mixed bag. In such things as stylistic ease, graceful prose, and exciting narrative the elders win by more than a country mile. The scale tips the other way, perhaps, when one inquires into their exactitude, objectivity, and ability to penetrate behind the surface of events. But whatever may be said in criticism of these American ancients, they approached history with much of the same critical spirit that moves, or should move, today's academicians.

As the very end of "The Conquest of Mexico" Prescott defends the inclusion of many Spanish atrocities, giving to the "misdeeds" of the Spaniards "a melancholy celebrity" perhaps out of all proportion to "the brilliance and importance of their exploits." Be that as it may, Prescott felt compelled not to hide their crimes, "for the historian should not shrink from depicting in their true colors the atrocities of a condition, over which success is apt to throw a false halo of glory, but which, bursting asunder the strong bonds of human fellowship, purchases its triumphs by arming the hand of man against his brother, makes a savage of the civilized and kindles the fires of hell in the bosom of the savage."

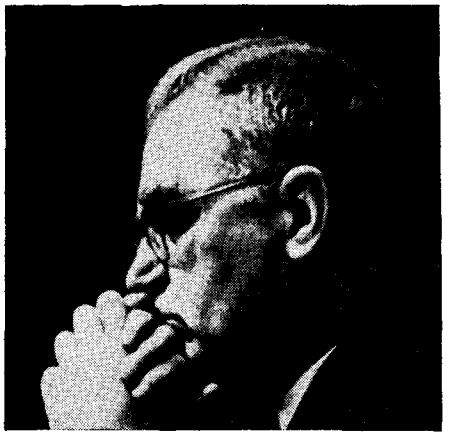
To such a conclusion the true historian of any age is impelled to answer "well done." The same salutation should go to Professor Freidel for his careful work in presenting a convenient and succinct introduction to a glowing part of the American literary heritage.

GLOBAL ORDER

World Peace Must Be Policed

"United Nations: Hope for a Divided World," by Sir Leslie Munro *(Holt. 185 pp. $4), underscores the fact that the U.N. is not a body that can act independently of its frequently disagreeing member governments. SR's critic, Waldo Chamberlin, is professor of government at New York University's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.*

By Waldo Chamberlin



Sir Leslie Munro—for the general public.

"WHEN the world organization is said to fail, dear reader, the fault lies rather with our governments and ourselves than with the United Nations. . . . Accordingly when an editorial in terms of lofty disdain says that the United Nations has failed in a given situation, what the newspaper should have said is that the majority of the members of the United Nations, which in all probability include the editor's own government, have failed to realize the expectations of editorial policy." The foregoing is a recurring theme in this book by a former President of the General Assembly, Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand, who says he wrote for the general public and not for scholars and international lawyers. However, those who work in or close to the U.N. will probably enjoy the book even more than the public, because of the sense of U.N. atmosphere that it manages to convey.

In citing the case of Hungary in 1956 as an example of the unwillingness of governments to act, the author recalls that he "did not meet a father in that year or the next who was urging his government to send troops—to include his son—under the aegis of the United Nations across the Hungarian frontier." Munro also does not let his readers forget that the Palestine Commission warned the members in 1948 that "in the absence of forces adequate to restore and maintain order . . . there will be administrative chaos, widespread strife, violence and bloodshed." The failure of governments to heed this warning was one reason for the Suez crisis of 1956.

It is not entirely clear what Sir Leslie has in mind for the achievement of world peace. He suggests a permanent U.N. force of about 20,000 men stationed in some strategic place, to be used to prevent critical situations from getting out of hand, as the U.N. Emergency Force has done since 1956. Munro believes in the rule of law but knows that it cannot be achieved unless there is available some means of enforcing decisions made by judicial or legislative bodies. However, enforceable international law requires supranational government, of which Sir Leslie is suspicious; and he sees no prospect of the requisite willingness on the part of the Soviet Union or the United States to accept limitations upon their right to act independently when they consider their vital national interests involved.

All this is important, particularly because it is said by so eminent an author, but many readers will probably find even more interesting the series of vignettes of leading personalities that are scattered throughout the book. For example, Krishna Menon of India, it is said, always manages to speak last in the Assembly's general debate, "thus enabling him to survey the world, traverse the speeches of those he thinks worthy of his attention (and many escape the honor), and deliver the ultimate wisdom on every subject. . . . But make no mistake about it: Mr. Menon is a man of great ability and influence . . ."

And concerning Secretary-General Hammarskjöld, Sir Leslie concludes, "I would not liken him to the most ascetic of the Popes but he is slender and elegant with a certain Renaissance subtlety

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Saturday Review

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It Looks Pretty on the Outside

THE NATION'S largest city is to have a new concert hall. Plans now going forward call for the erection of a $10,600,000 palace that will probably be hailed as one of the most striking examples of architecture in the modern world. The Philharmonic hall will be part of the mammoth new cultural community in New York City known as Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. The estimated total cost of the Center is now $100,000,000.

There's just one thing wrong with the new concert hall, as Mr. Kolodin has pointed out in these pages. It is designed for posterity but not for people. It is magnificent as a structure but deficient as a place for music lovers. There aren't enough seats. The presumption must be that the planners felt the basic architectural conception would be defeated by a large seating capacity. Hence only comparatively small audiences will be able to enjoy music in one of the most important concert halls in the world. The plans call for a capacity of about 2,500, as against 2,760 for Carnegie Hall (soon to be torn down, incidentally), or 3,200 for the Royal Festival Hall in London, or 2,500 plus 1,000 standees for the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, or 2,800 for Milan's La Scala.

As for standees, that vertical elite of music lovers whose bank accounts may be flat, but who have a soaring awareness of good music, they are out in the cold altogether. Perhaps it was believed that there was something inartistic and untidy about people breathing hard on one another as they crowded around the sides and back of an otherwise majestic auditorium. Nor do the announced plans provide a special gallery for students or people of modest means.

Even if the new concert hall were to be acclaimed as the Eighth Wonder of the World, it must be regarded as a failure if it fails to meet the dominant need of the community it must seek to serve. That need is for an auditorium acoustically excellent and large enough to accommodate a minimum of 4,000 people. If there is a reason why such a house cannot also be artistically satisfying we have not heard of it.

We mention this not only because it is important in itself but because it is unhappily symptomatic of other areas of default, minor and major. Appearance seems to be triumphing over essentials. There is a passion for the external. For at least ten years automobile designers have competed with one another in taking room away from the passengers and donating it to a rear trunk. Baggage rides in splendor, but people are cramped. The idea seems to be, not how much maximum comfort can be provided for the human frame, but how much overhang can be built onto a steel frame. Numberless new skyscrapers in the form of glass boxes have been erected of such a gross sameness as to create a massive total monotony, thus defeating the very purpose of departing from the heaviness of brick and concrete. From the outside the new structures suggest light and airiness, yet most of them have sealed-in windows, exposing the tenants to all the hazards of imperfect ventilating systems and absentee servicemen.

What has been happening, we fear, is that too many architects and designers are succumbing to the malaise of twentieth-century specialization. The scholars are publishing for scholars, the scientists are talking to scientists, the poets are writing for poets, and the architects are designing for the approbation of their fellows. We need to remind ourselves that many of the greatest works of art and scholarship have not been detached from the grand concourse of human contact and appreciation. It is not enough that an object look pretty from the outside. Does it meet the basic need set for it? If it is a building, can it be lived in? If it is a conveyance for people, does it have a place for their legs? If it is an auditorium, are there enough seats to meet the community need, and can the people see the stage and hear the sounds that come from it? Monuments are not enough. The Egyptians had the pyramids, but the Greeks had the ideas.

Even in the midst of external architectural splendor, we must not forget that there is such a thing as the art of living. People have minds, bodies, appetites, needs, responses, tropisms, aspirations, expectations, apprehensions. There is nothing inartistic or demeaning about creating for this complex. The true artist enables people to experience beauty—beauty of a depth they might not experience otherwise. In this way, the artist ennobles and serves the creative spirit without which a genuine culture is impossible. Culture is not just a dialogue between specialists or critics. It involves people and the whole magical process of advancing the human situation and helping to shape the creative audience.

Curious things happen when objects come first, people second. On a front far removed from the cultural one—light-years in fact—it was learned the other day that the Americans and Russians had agreed to regard Antarctica as being out of bounds for their nuclear military activities. This is fine for penguins, but what about people who live in the populated zones? Another announcement revealed that a new pro-civilization weapon is being devised. This is a neutron bomb. It will kill people but the buildings will be unharmed. Here, then, is the ultimate monument. Man is no more but his machines are intact. All that remains is to devise a machine that can worship the memory of man, weep over his passing, and thrill to the elegance of the empty glass boxes leaning against the sky. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SWIFT REMINDER

APROPOS TRADE WINDS writer Jerome Beatty's illustration of effective memory-training methods from "America, I Like You," by P. G. Wodehouse [*SR*, Jan. 6], I wonder how many of your readers will recall the following passage on the same subject from "Gulliver's Travels":

> Again, because it is a general complaint, that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should at his departure give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him twice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness.

The fact that this type of memory training is still in effect is a splendid example of British conservatism, I suppose.

NAN COOKE CARPENTER.

Missoula, Mont.

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

RE HENRY HEWES's review of Saul Levitt's play "The Andersonville Trial" [*SR*, Jan. 16], may I add a thought or two? The verdict of "guilty" is given the Confederate, Wirz, on the grounds (seemingly the point of the play) that Wirz had a moral duty to refuse to obey inhuman orders from his superiors, that not to do so is cowardice; Mr. Hewes adds that Wirz was condemned on these grounds just as were the commandants of Nazi prison camps. This allows us to feel somewhat righteous.

However, may I point out that such a morality is the morality of the one who wins and the cowardice of the one who loses. In our own terms, for a soldier to have refused to drop an atomic bomb on Hiroshima would have been a treasonous action, and he would have been condemned by the United States for exactly the opposite reasons that they condemned Wirz a century ago.

And the concept of a sliding scale, such as the idea of Wirz's refusing to shoot one of his own children if the Army had ordered him to do so, is no less problematic. A young man today is allowed to become a conscientious objector on religious grounds, but not on moral grounds alone; in other words, if he enters the Army, thus affirming by his presence the act of war of which he morally disapproves, it cuts no ice with either the Army or the Government. And to flatly refuse to enter the Army on moral grounds alone is to receive a jail sentence which I do not believe a court in this country would overthrow.

It boils down to the idea that morality is only a question of whose side you are on; that the act considered by one side to be courageous or merely what is expected is considered craven cowardice by the other; and that you will simply have to wait to find out which side wins before you will know whether you have been a good soldier and worthy of medals and ribbons, or a coward deserving only to be spat upon.

NORMAN L. HARTWEG.

Denver, Colo.

"That damned New Haven Railroad!"

GETTING THE PICTURE

WILLIAM FADIMAN's article "In This Corner—Hollywood" [*SR*, Dec. 19] is one of the very few constructive essays that I have read recently on the dilemma of Hollywood. There is no question that the "original" is practically nonexistent as a source of motion pictures and that the fault must be shared by the entire industry.

In recent years there has grown up a dangerous and false myth. "The product has to be pre-sold. It must be a best-selling book or a smash hit play with a big star." This is a lot of nonsense. The audience never asks, "Where does the picture come from?" They only demand that it be good. . . .

Why doesn't someone do something about using more original stories? Part of the answer is that the producer must have some kind of conceptual approach to the whole of making pictures in this period. In this Sputnik television era there is not sufficient motivation for writing originals. There is almost a total lack of enthusiasm about the medium. . . .

There used to be a time when the writer said, "I have a great idea for making a motion picture." He would get together with his agent and the agent would bring him to the producer and if the idea was good enough, the producer bought it and put the writer to work.

But now the writer seems to say, "I have a great idea for television." So the agent brings him to a television producer. It is easier and sometimes even more profitable. The creative producer must be more aware of this revolutionary change that has taken place. He must keep saying to the writer, "Come to me with your motion picture feature ideas." He must offer the writer a piece of the picture so that the author will have a greater motivation to think creatively about what is, still, the greatest "folk art" in the world.

SIDNEY HARMON,
Columbia Pictures Corp.

Hollywood, Calif.

BATTLE OF THE BOGUS

I WAS EXTREMELY interested in Katharine Kuh's article regarding the lack of protection in the U.S. from forged works of art [*SR*, Dec. 26]. This to me is further proof that we need an *active* National Fine Arts Commission protecting not only the collector of art but the artist as well.

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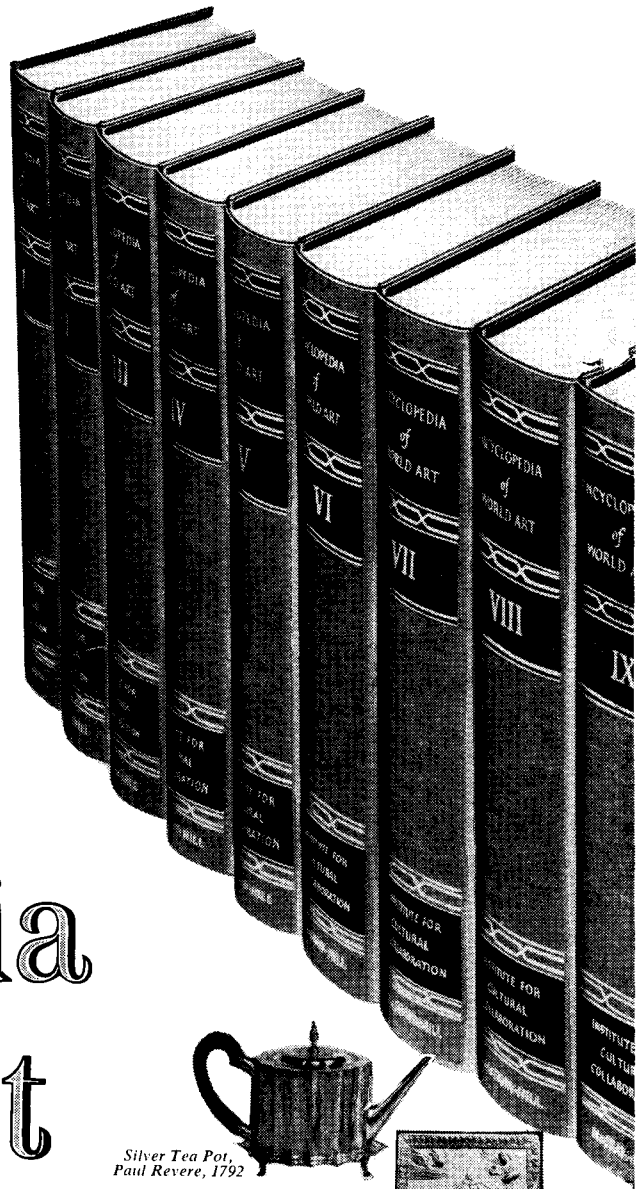

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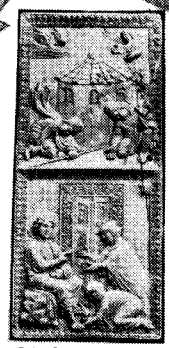

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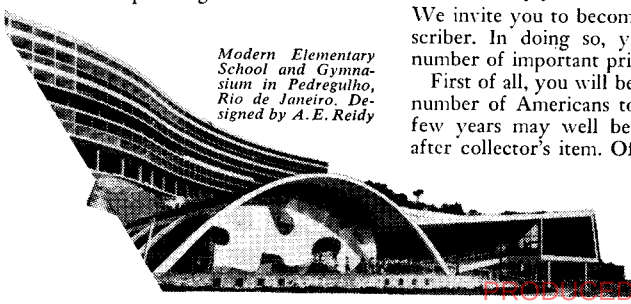

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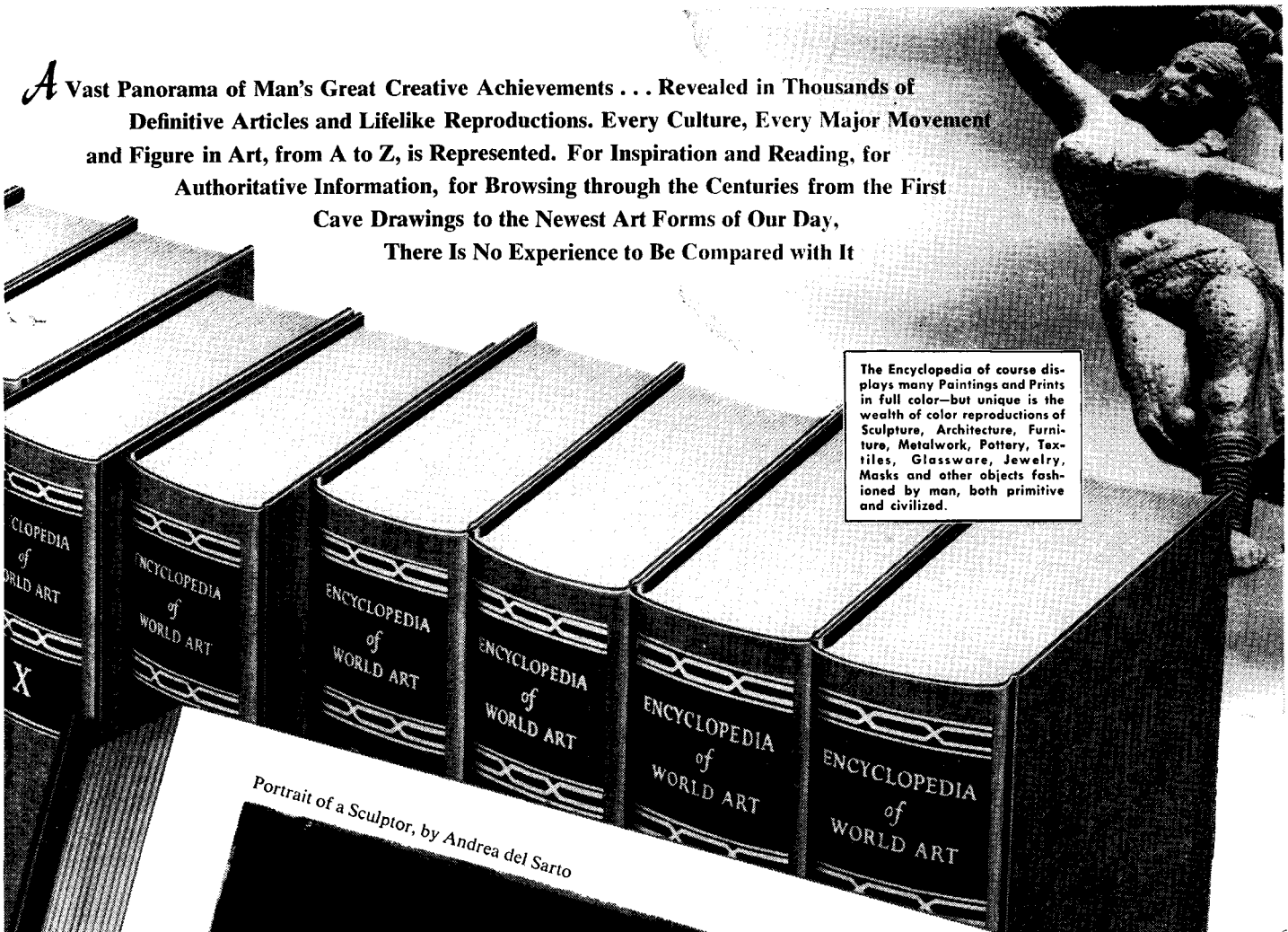
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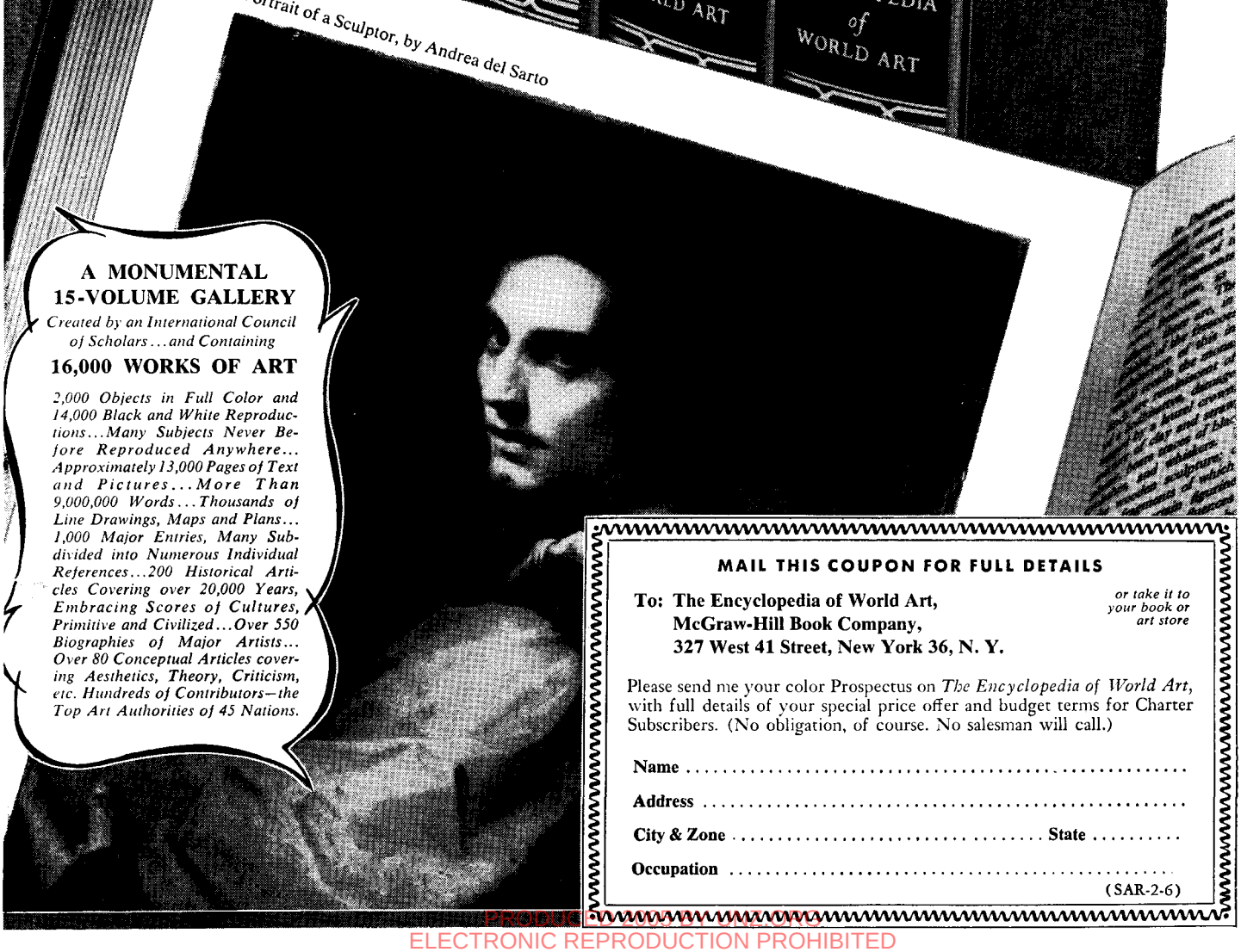

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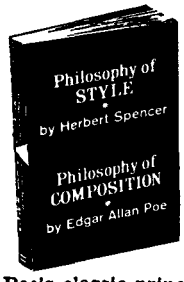

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Benchmanship

LAST WEEK these columns were devoted mainly to a discussion of Samuel Beckett's rich and poetic playlet, "Krapp's Last Tape." This play is the first half of a twin bill currently at the Provincetown Playhouse. The second play there, titled "**The Zoo Story,**" is equally exciting, not only because it is compelling theatre, but also because it introduces Edward Albee, a young (circa thirty) playwright of considerable potentiality.

Mr. Albee's play is quite simple in form. A dull, respectable man with that upper-middle-middle expression on his face is reading on a park bench when an obnoxious stranger approaches him with irritating personal questions and remarks. The stranger has a desperate need to make contact with someone, and as a last resort pushes his listener to violence.

The details of these events are made fascinating by the actors George Maharis and William Daniels. To the role of Jerry, the beatnik, Mr. Maharis brings a quietly hypnotic rhythm that comes across as theatrically colorful yet integrated with his own personality. And as Peter, the square, Mr. Daniels provided a genuine humor. He is at his best in the early part of the play where the tone *is* humorous, as Jerry ridicules the clichés he is able to smoke out of Peter's Madison Avenue existence. Of course, this ridicule has itself become a cliché, and if unimaginatively played would seem merely tired and predictable satire. But director Milton Katselas has permitted each actor an awareness of the situation and of what the dialogue means to the one who speaks it. Jerry tends to have this awareness at the precise moment he speaks. And Peter has it a second or two after he has said his line. Even an ordinary interchange (JERRY: "Well, *Time* magazine isn't for blockheads." PETER: "No, I suppose not.") becomes subtly hilarious when given this particular treatment. And it is not just funny, for as he considers each random question, Peter becomes more and more aware of inadequacies not really faced before.

Jerry, on the other hand, seems compelled by an inner, not quite understood drive, an unwillingness to stop short of scraping out the last layer of truth. And even when he is using such colorful language as "But that was the jazz of a very special hotel," it is not done for effect, but rather because that is the best way he knows to express his nostalgia without oversentimentalization. The high point of his performance is reached when he tells "The Story of Jerry and the Dog." In the parable Jerry attempts first kindness and then cruelty to a dog that tries to bite him every time he comes into his boarding house. The result is an eventual compromise in which both Jerry and the dog arrive at a state in which they neither love nor hurt because they no longer try to reach each other. This state—the basis of so many relationships in modern adult society—is what has driven Jerry into his present pilgrimage up Fifth Avenue to the zoo, where he had hoped to find out more about the way people exist with animals, animals with each other, and animals with people. As he tells Peter the story of what he saw at the zoo, Jerry attempts, through cruelty, to provoke some animal feeling in Peter, and though the ending is melodramatic and violent, Jerry—like Christ—succeeds at the cost of his life in arousing the human soul out of its deep modern lethargy to an awareness of its animal self.

"The Zoo Story" is done so well that we can afford to point out that Mr. Katselas might have made this production even more effective if he had been able to highlight some of the author's points more distinctly and had found a more interesting way of expressing the animal stirring within Peter at the play's melodramatic end. We can also afford to wonder if Mr. Albee's suggestion that Jerry's boarding house is a West Side purgatory in which God is a queen who plucks his eyebrows and goes to the john is not one that needs the fuller development he might give it in a longer play. And doesn't his description of Jerry's deceased mother ("She embarked on an adulterous turn of our Southern states . . . and her most constant companion among others, among many others, was a Mr. Barleycorn") owe something to Tennessee Williams? No matter. Mr. Albee has written an extraordinary first play, which, next to Jack Gelber's "The Connection," constitutes the finest new achievement in the theatre this season. Thank God for Off-Broadway, and, I guess, thank God for beatniks.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

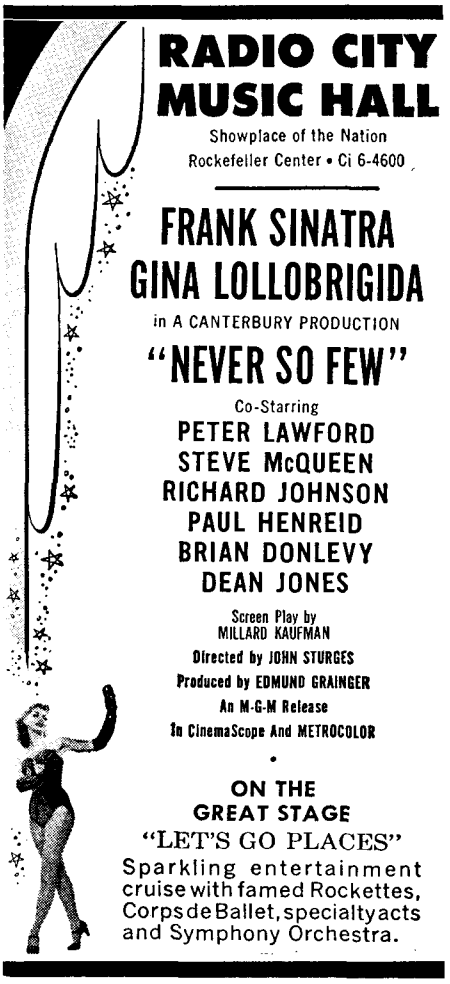
Spies and Thieves

THE INGREDIENTS for an altogether delightful movie are certainly present in "**Our Man in Havana,**" and the proper personnel would seem to have been assembled. Graham Greene has adapted his own novel into film form, Carol Reed has both produced and directed it with great care and finesse, and the cast includes such fine players as Alec Guinness, Noel Coward, Ernie Kovacs, and Burl Ives. The story, probably from its moment of inception, had Guinness written all over it, and, as it turns out, in it. He is seen as Mr. Wormold, a somewhat subdued but nevertheless whimsical representative in Cuba for an Anglo-American vacuum cleaner concern. Business hasn't been going too well; the Cubans aren't taking to the new Atomic Pile cleaner with any noticeable fervor. Meanwhile, Wormold's pretty daughter is coming of age, wants to take up riding at the local country club, and the divorced Wormold feels it his duty to send her to a finishing school in Switzerland. A stone-faced Noel Coward, agent in the Caribbean for His Majesty's Secret Service, appears. A man in Havana is needed to keep an eye on things, and Wormold would seem to be just the man; that vacuum cleaner agency would make an excellent front.

Wormold accepts the money, but isn't up to the rigors of spying. He contents himself with copying material from available government reports and economic surveys and, when asked to recruit sub-agents, selects them from the membership list of the country club, failing to apprise his appointees of two important facts: that they are supposedly working for him, and that they are supposedly being paid. The daughter flourishes, the money is accumulating for that finishing school, and Wormold is winning plaudits from Ralph Richardson at the London headquarters. Emboldened, he pulls off his biggest coup, invents an awe-inspiring military installation in the Cuban hills, makes drawings of it, basing them on the parts of an Atomic Pile cleaner, blown up to gigantic size. Naturally London assumes the world is in danger—this makes the hydrogen bomb look like peanuts. And Wormold wins a raise, a red-headed secretary, and a radio operator, the better to pursue his new career.

But the movie, instead of mounting in suspense and delight as complication succeeds complication, seems to sag and lose its spirit. The humor, underplayed nearly to the point of extinction, doesn't quite come off. The Havana locations are fresh but somehow not atmospheric enough. Ernie Kovacs, as Captain Segura, a Batista police officer who firmly believes in torture for the economically maladjusted and the revolutionary minded, looks as though he wouldn't harm a fly. The counter-revolutionary element portrayed by Burl Ives, as old Dr. Hasselbacher, a friend of Wormold's, is more mystifying than mysterious, and far too mild a menace. Noel Coward is perhaps the most skilful of all at getting the right mood, but we don't see enough of him. Jo Morrow, as the daughter, is not only wrong but inept as she struggles with what is known as a mid-Atlantic accent, too obviously a brash Hollywood starlet trying to match Alec Guinness scene for scene. As for Mr. Guinness, he is more Guinness than Wormold, and his sly glances and sneakily quiet air are no longer enough to produce more than a wispy characterization. Part of the trouble may lie there, and part may be due to Carol Reed's sober, careful direction. The avoidance of overstatement means that nothing very much ever gets stated, and sometimes the viewer doesn't know exactly what's going on until too late to appreciate the humor.

HENRY HATHAWAY, the director of "**Seven Thieves,**" has much less propitious material to work with, but he does expertly with what he has. The thieves of the title aren't out to break the bank at Monte Carlo—merely to rob its vaults of four million dollars. The plan is clever, and almost believable. Edward G. Robinson, as the master criminal, is quietly effective at managing the details and recruiting the perpetrators, among them Eli Wallach, Joan Collins, and Rod Steiger, and some suspense develops as they go about their job. The movie makes use of process shots of the principals superimposed against Riviera backgrounds, and if the technique were used more convincingly, might well lead the way towards trimmer budgets. However, the trickery is occasionally too transparent. As for the thieves—no one at the end is left richer or wiser, which is as it should be in this kind of movie. Otherwise, few gambling casinos would be safe. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



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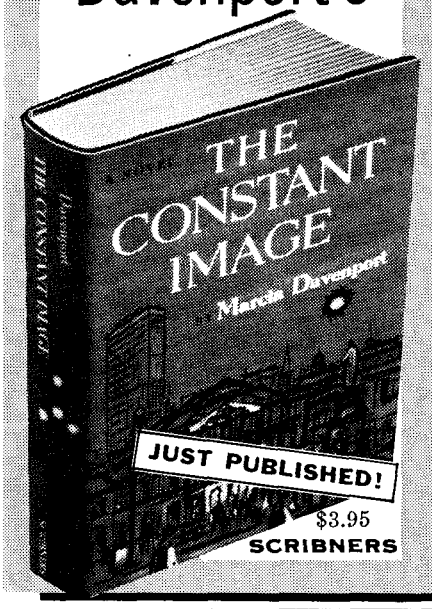

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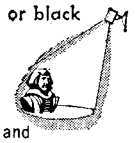

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TV AND RADIO

Wanted: A Window in Wilmington

FROM TIME to time in the debate over television's program balance, it is pointed out that there is already in existence the robust, young beginnings of an alternative service to the one provided by the commercial stations. This is the non-commercial service of the forty-five educational television stations now in operation across the country. These stations deal exclusively in the kind of "informational and cultural" programs requested recently of the commercial broadcasters by Chairman John C. Doerfer of the FCC. Led by the National Educational Television and Radio Center, they are prevented from making a stronger impact on the national viewing audience by the lack of VHF channels, especially in major areas, such as New York, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Washington, D. C. To remedy this, the Commission has repeatedly been urged to make provision for more educational stations which viewers can receive without having to purchase UHF converters.

It is important for several reasons that this be done. The educators cannot now fully harness the cultural potential of the blacked-out areas which could be supplying taped programs to the Center for national distribution. Viewers in these deprived areas cannot see the programs produced by cultural institutions in other cities. In the nation's capital, where vital decisions are made which affect the television medium, Congressmen, cabinet officers, even members of the FCC cannot judge the performance of the educational stations because they cannot even *see* them there. Not a single VHF educational exposure exists in the entire megalopolitan area from Boston to Chapel Hill, N. C., except in Pittsburgh. I have been told that when Soviet representatives came to this country to plan the intercultural exchange program, they watched American TV in a New York hotel during the evening. The Russians were shocked at the ubiquity of programs of the bang-bang, beat-'em-up variety. Because there is no educational TV station in our largest city and cultural center, these visitors could receive no other impression of how we use our TV channels than from the spectacle they viewed. And in Washington, because of a lack of a "window" on the educational TV service, which would serve to balance the negative picture, foreign embassies in our capital are unable to report to their governments overseas that at least some of our TV facilities are not devoted to cowboys, Indians, and private eyes.

Against this background, the FCC will shortly have a concrete opportunity to improve the VHF educational balance. The Commission will hold hearings to determine which of four applicants should be awarded VHF Channel 12 in the Wilmington-Philadelphia area. This channel was vacated recently by an independent commercial broadcaster who couldn't compete with the three network-affiliated channels in nearby Philadelphia. WHYY, which operates educational TV and radio in Philadelphia, immediately applied for the channel, but the Commission denied its request and ordered a comparative hearing, in which the educational station will compete with the three commercial applicants. Historically, this competition has always been disastrous for the educators, because they cannot quickly muster large amounts of capital. Fortunately, in this case, WHYY is adequately financed and would operate Channel 12 at once if awarded the license. This channel is the only VHF in Delaware, and the commercial competitors may argue that the "local" commercial balance must be improved before the educators get an opportunity.

NEVERTHELESS, the essential question seems to be: Does Wilmington (amply served now by three commercial Philadelphia stations) need more TV competition of the same variety—or does this city, which also serves Delaware, Eastern Pennsylvania, and Southern New Jersey, need a countervailing educational television service capable of being viewed by all set owners at prime evening hours? Due process must have its day in the hearings; but it is inconceivable that the FCC will add yet another exposure to the surfeited commercial pattern when VHFs everywhere are so desperately needed by the educational broadcasters. Awarding Channel 12 to the educators will not correct the deficiency in Washington and New York; but it is possible that a foreign diplomat, enroute from the capital to the port on his way home to Europe, may stop over in Wilmington long enough to pick up a few positive images of American television. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Brave in Squaw Valley

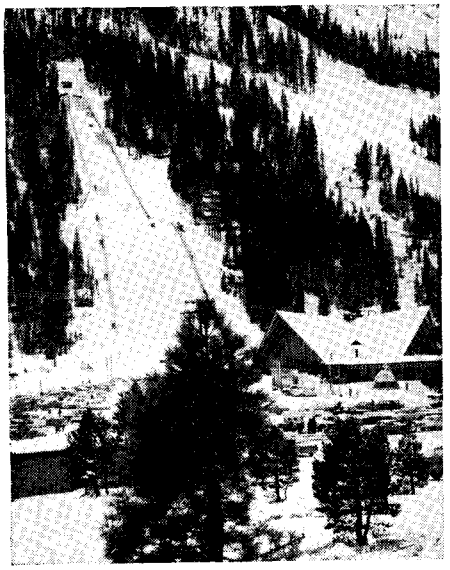
THE NEAREST CITY to the winter Olympics which are being held in Squaw Valley, California, near Lake Tahoe, is the quaint metropolis of Reno, Nevada, which calls itself by that anomalistic jingle, "The Biggest Little City in the World." In preparation for the arrival, on or about February 18, when the games begin, of more than 1,000 athletes from all over the world, together with assorted trainers, judges, officials, and heaven knows how many spectators, the biggest little city has built the biggest little airport in the desert. It was all shining and ready, or at least *almost* ready, when I pulled in there the other day after being shot between coasts on United's new DC-8. Bunting dripped from every rafter, giving the welcome in a score of languages. Although the restaurant isn't completed yet—the airline clerks are carting lunchboxes from home—neat banks of slot machines were drawn up like orderly soldiers along the gleaming corridors, all of them giving the left-handed salute.

Squaw Valley, a preposterous idea when it was presented just before the Cortina Olympics, was sold to the world as a logical center for population groups of both East and West. What the East and West are going to think when they first walk into a Reno hotel I shudder to think. There are doubtless registration desks and a bank of elevators around there somewhere, but most of the floor space is taken up with wheels of chance, crap tables, blackjack counters, and roulette wheels. Most of these devices are tended, as our visitors will shortly see, by the flower of Western womanhood, known, in the quaint patois of these parts, as stick girls. (Well, you couldn't expect them to be called *croupières.*) The overseers who watch the stick girls and the players are called pit bosses, and over at the Holiday Hotel, one of the three large hotels in Reno, there are sometimes as many as fifty girls and bosses on the lobby floor at one time.

Upstairs at the Holiday Hotel, and at the Mapes and the Riverside as well, they have rooms for rent, although how to engage one for the Olympics is a question I haven't figured out yet. Of the 196 rooms in the house, 120 have been set aside for the general public but the management requires that they must be let for a ten-day minimum. There will be no increase in room prices—which are from $12 to $17 for a double. Just who gets the rooms will be decided in a rather parliamentary fashion. Requests must be submitted by mail. They will then be voted on by a five-man committee. Should you find yourself elected to a ten-day stretch at the Holiday Hotel, it won't be necessary to spend all ten in the deep freeze of Squaw Valley nor the lobby wheelhouse.

Of Reno's other two large hotels, the Riverside is old and the Mapes is new. The Riverside is, in fact, the oldest business in the state, having first been built 100 years ago. A number of improvements have been installed since then, including a heated swimming pool and a theater restaurant which the management guarantees will be rocking during the Olympic days. The Mapes, built by Charles Mapes, Jr., when he was twenty-four, was the first hotel to be completed in the U.S. after the war. At a dizzying eleven stories, it is the tallest building in Nevada. Its 286 rooms are all spoken for, and so is the Sky Room, which will be used as Olympic press headquarters.

While on the subject of accommodations in Reno, I hasten to tell you that in the few reconnaissance missions on which I embarked in the motel areas, particularly around the edge of town, I turned up all sorts of space. One motel owner was just on his way to telephone an ad into the San Francisco newspapers because he still had seventy-five beds unspoken for out of a total of eighty-five. He was asking $20 a night per room, each equipped with a pair of double beds. That seems to be about the standard fee, but it might drop if it develops into a buyer's market, and that seems to be in the offing.



Squaw Valley—"attractive enough to make you leave job and family."

Those who stay in Reno for the games will, it is true, have to commute by bus or car over a forty-mile run twice a day, but still there is the advantage of having the city's lusty parlors at hand at night. There is, for instance, the renowned Harold's Club, which has plastered the shoulders of more highways with billboards than Burma Shave. You can scarcely miss it, once in Reno, since it has equipped its exterior, I judge with the permission of the municipality, with translucent and lighted sidewalks. Aside from gambling devices, it provides for baby sitters, invites children inside the premises, has its own bakery, a small upstairs nightclub, and a vast gun room which contains a fifteenth-century Chinese matchlock piece, a pair of inlaid Turkish flintlocks from the 1700s, and a whole panel entitled "Our Martyred Presidents," showing the types of guns with which they were dispatched into eternity. It was a .44 British Bull Dog center-fire revolver that extinguished Garfield, a single-shot Derringer .42 that murdered Lincoln, and a .41-caliber Remington over-and-under that did in McKinley.

For the Olympics Harold's has strung the place with dozens of signs of welcome, all of them in the native idiom, not excluding the Rumanian (*Suufeti Binvenit*). However, it also displays a large proclamation which reads "All American Society Dedicated to Our Children's Future That They May Not Live a Life Worse than Death under Communist Slavery." Some of the skiing slaves might not find much of a welcome in those words, and lest it become an international incident I would recommend that Harold cover the thing with an old roulette cloth, at least until the outdoor athletes go home.

Harold's must not be confused with another armory of fun and games a few doors away known as Harrah's. One has to enunciate very clearly out here. If anything, Harrah's is bigger and for that matter a little flossier than Harold's, and, so it is said, maintains the largest payroll in the state. Its missionaries work as far afield as San Francisco—a Chinese works in Chinatown—organizing excursions out to the club. Sightseers who would like to visit Harrah's pay $6 in San Francisco and board a special bus for Reno. At the door they are refunded $4, all in nickels, which by coincidence fit perfectly in Harrah's five-cent slot machines. Buses run around the clock so nobody has to worry about missing the last Harrah. Just a few weeks ago Har-

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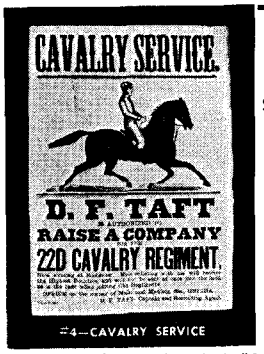

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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rah's opened a giant branch on the south shore of Lake Tahoe, at the edge of the California border. Here, under one roof, is a coffee shop, a theater restaurant that seats 600, and a bar that surrounds its own stage. On the remaining floor space, which would do very well for Macy's, Harrah has arranged a few hundred games to alleviate the public boredom. Buses from the coast come out here too. A competitor across the street, Harvey's Wagon Wheel Saloon and Gambling Hall, will send a radio-dispatched Volkswagen bus to any motel in the hemisphere which contains some willing players.

Now, of course, none of this sort of thing goes on in Squaw Valley, which concentrates on good clean sport in the out-of-doors and is in California, anyway. It will be up to the Americans on the scene to explain to the foreigners that the glories of Nevada are confined to the territorial limits of that strange place, and that we are not—repeat NOT—a civilization of latter-day Romans en route to ruin. Have you got that, everybody? Squaw, of course, doesn't go into the games endeared either by European ski enthusiasts or, for that matter, by the California legislature, which has had to pony up $8 million to make the ruddy place function. The Europeans, when it came time to decide on a locale for the Winter Olympics of 1960, leaned towards Innsbruck, or even St. Moritz or Chamonix where they had been held before. Squaw Valley, at the time, had nothing to offer except a Pacific location, a great snow record, fine slopes, a lone hotel which has since burned down, and the convincing and Groton-tinted word of the hotel owner, one Alex Cushing, a Boston Brahmin once removed. Cushing's word proved to be a rather persuasive one, and with the promise of the California legislature that it would spend a million dollars to develop the area, the Olympic Committee decided for the valley.

Since then the California treasury has been dunned for eight times the original pledge. With the games a scant month away, great rumblings were echoing out of Sacramento, the state capital. One newspaper carried a headline which read "Squaw Valley Expense 'Disgusts' Cal. Probers," and some of the lawmakers were urging the state to sell the place off "at ten cents on the dollar, if necessary" rather than turn it into a state park as had been originally intended.

All this blather aside, the Olympic contestants, should the heavens open and sprinkle the proper snow on the slopes, are going to find Squaw a fine place for the meet. Its main advantage is in its compactness, with all events, except perhaps for the cross-country and the biathalon, within walking distance of one another. The cross-country, not to my mind a stirring event to watch, nonetheless has its own stadium several miles away. The biathalon is a revived event which combines cross-country skiing with rifle shooting. In the interests of speed, the contestants keep their skis on while firing from all positions including prone, and this, it seems to me, is a trick worthy of a trophy in itself.

THE Olympic ice arena, the centerpiece of the games, is an ingenious construction with one whole wall of grandstand seats mounted on wheels. This mobile section will be rolled out on opening day so that the athletes can march in. Thereafter it will be closed for hockey and figure skating until the tenth day when it will be opened once more so that spectators, sitting in the rest of the stands under a heated roof, will be able to watch the finals of the ski jumping just across the valley floor. All the other events will be out in the frost, I fear, and the price for viewing them is $7.50 a day, or $60 for general admission to the whole eleven days. In order to get into the arena, which seats 8,500, one has to buy a block of tickets for the full run of the games, an extravagance that costs $200. Whereas an arena ticket will get you into any event, a general admission ticket, whether daily or seasonal, will not admit you to the arena.

The participants are being housed, much as Mr. Cushing first promised, in a common center. Four dormitories, each sleeping 300, four to a room in double-decker bunks, have been built, with one giant bath on each floor rather than the private facilities that were first promised. Every third room has roughed-in plumbing for quick conversion to a state park hotel after the games are over. All the athletes will eat together in a giant cafeteria. Later, warmed by a huge fireplace that will take an eight-foot log, they will be serenaded by jesters up from Hollywood, a group headed by Art Linkletter and said to include Nat King Cole, Danny Kaye, and, with any luck, Louis Armstrong. If the entertainment should pale, there is always the soda fountain. The California dairyman's association has donated all the ice cream and sodas that the athletes can pack away during their eleven days of residence. The entertainment and the pageantry—ice statues and daylight fireworks—are under the command of Walt Disney.

As for Cushing, who started it all, he owns most of the lifts which spectator-skiers can use after the ski events are

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over, and he has rebuilt his hotel, called the Squaw Valley Lodge. It is a bright and pleasant place, done up in unexpected tints of turquoise, with great views through the glass walls to the surrounding Sierras. The de luxe rooms are as handsome as any de luxe skier might wish ($22 a day for two, including private sundeck) but there are other quarters in the yellow and white chalets, surrounding the summer swimming pool, at tabs that go all the way down to $3 a night. One can flow with the cafeteria line, or ask for table service in a marked-off corner, and there is a lively if all but unlit bar which is being enlivened during these Olympic times by a New York pianist named Ralph Sutton (no kin). If I have made all this sound attractive enough to make you leave job and family, I had better tell you that for the Olympics anyway, the place has been requisitioned by Olympic officialdom, and that goes for the new and simpler Squaw Valley Inn, next door.

Once in the valley, spectators must be content to revive themselves at the pair of modern centers built by Nevada and California, which have cafeterias, fireplaces, and juke boxes equipped with an equal share of U.S. and foreign recordings. I have not taken into account that the valley walls are dotted with a broad assortment of new and altogether rakish homes which have been built here during the last few years. The other day there were over forty for rent during the Olympic period, most of them at prices which were scaled to pay off the mortgage during this bountiful month. In the first place, the asking price is being figured at $15 per person per night, with a flat minimum of thirty days. In the case of houses with many bedrooms, the $15 rate would be applied not on a per-bed basis but at the rate of five people per bathroom.

Outside the valley the going price is running about $10 per person per night in beds and $5 per person on divans. There are motels all around the south shore of Lake Tahoe within shouting distance of Harrah's and Harvey's. Some people are sleeping as far away as Virginia City, which is not as far as Carson City, the biggest little state capital in the U.S.A. Right there on the same street as the state capital and the supreme court, we have the Pony Express Hotel, complete with Mite-As-Well Bar, El Ranch Otel where the room rent includes continental breakfast, and The Pine Cone, which certifies by a large legend visible a block away that it is not recommended by Duncan Hines. What more could a weary traveler ask?

—Horace Sutton.

Chess Corner–29

CHESS *sans voir* is a taxing feat. In 1783, when Philidor played three games simultaneously blindfolded, it was considered a *tour de force* which never again would be equaled, and affidavits were drawn up to attest to the fact. Yet that record has been surpassed again and again. Blackburne played 16 at a time, Pillsbury 22, Breyer 25, Reti 29, Alekhine 32, Koltanowski 34, and Najdorf, who presently holds the world title at this kind of play, 45. The following brilliancy was one of a blindfold seance, played in a military hospital in Tarnopol, Austria, in 1916.

FRENCH DEFENSE

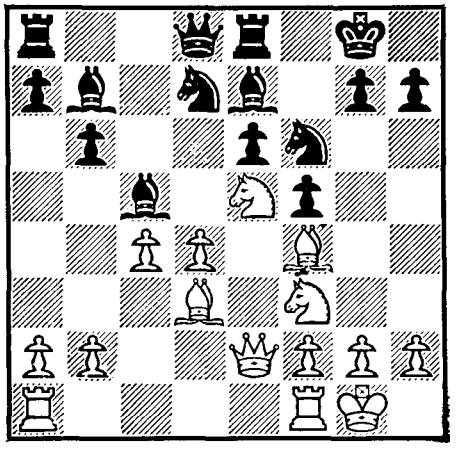
Dr. A. Alekhine White
M. Von Feldt Black

1 P-K4	P-K3	3 N-QB3	N-KB3
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	4 PxP	NxP
	5 N-K4	P-KB4	

On his last and the following moves, White's is a provoking strategy. Purposely, he exposes a piece to attack merely to weaken the adversary's Pawn front.

6 N-N5	B-K2	10 B-Q3	B-N2
7 N(5)-B3	P-B3	11 O-O	R-K1
8 N-K5	O-O	12 P-B4	N-B3
9 KN-B3	P-QN3	13 B-B4	QN-Q2
	14 Q-K2	P-B4	

Apparently all is serene. Yet White has set the stage for a most diabolical combination.



15 N-B7 KxN

Forced. Otherwise, after a Queen move, White wins with 16 QxP.

16 QxPch K-N3

If 16.....KxQ 17 N-N5 mate. If 16..... K-B1 17 N-N5 ends it all.

17 P-KN4 B-K5
18 N-R4 mate

A most amazing combination.

—Al Horowitz.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Emil Gilels, PPPE—Steinberg, Dobbs

WHETHER described as a dynamic evening of piano playing or an evening of dynamic piano playing, Emil Gilels's recent recital in Carnegie Hall elevated him into a new category among contemporary concertizers. There has been abundant respect ever since his debut here in 1955 for Gilels's virtuosity, musicianship, energy, and unquestionable artistry. To this recent occasion he brought not only full command of the music and of himself, but also a new domination of the audience.

The third condition devolves from the first two, of course, but only inferentially and by no means automatically. Rather it has to do with the enormous accretion of self-confidence that has come to Gilels in the past five years of playing on the Continent and in England as well as here, the stronger sense of rapport he enjoys with his listeners, and the kind of relaxed assurance that comes from being accepted (the stage seats were filled, as well as the auditorium itself). What one experienced, then, was the kind of rapt attention bestowed on a Rubinstein or Horowitz, a Serkin, Backhaus, or Myra Hess, by an audience confidently expecting the extraordinary and not being disappointed. Gilels was so much in command that he could raise a hand for silence (when applause broke into a pause between movements of a sonata) with no sense that this was a gesture either presumptuous or premeditated. In other words, Gilels was merely a great pianist performing in his proper place on the stage of Carnegie Hall, no longer a Soviet emissary engaged in some kind of tilting contest against antagonists visible or invisible.

It is more impressive, then, that Gilels accomplished this with music that was neither hackneyed nor sure-fire, though affiliated with the names of Bach and Schubert—the former's "Aria Variata a la maniera Italiana," the latter's D major sonata (Opus 53). "Italian" and "Bach" suggest something like the solo concerto in F, but this is another world of pianism altogether—intimate, refined, carefully contrived to exploit any finger weakness wherever among the ten it might malinger. The sure independence of each, as well as the complete coordination of the two hands, was the combination to unlock all the meaning Bach secreted in this work.

Save for one inclination, Gilels's Schubert was equally masterful and even more remarkable for the spell he cast on his audience with a composer whose works more than one experienced pianist will not risk in the concert hall. Perhaps the most distinctive trait was the energy that coursed through it from start to finish—the animation, impulse, and volatility of the long first movement in particular. I could have spared some of the hammering which went into his production of the repeated chords that open the work and recur repeatedly thereafter. The con moto was done with gracious warmth, its community of idea with the following scherzo suitably underscored. Lastly, the order of PPPE (pianistic personality par excellence) became Gilels's by acclamation for the deft insinuation, the playful deliberation he provided for the exquisite rondo finale. Works of Kabalevsky and Schumann were also heard.

IT has been decades since the Boston Symphony has been anything remotely approaching a "German" orchestra, whether in personnel, direction, or musical outlook. Hence the task of William Steinberg in directing a program of Haydn (Symphony No. 99) Strauss ("Tod und Verklaerung") and Mahler (Symphony No. 1) in his first New York appearance as its guest conductor in Carnegie Hall was a challenging one. The choice, clearly, was whether to give in to its French disposition and settle for the best kind of performance easily obtainable, or to struggle on toward the kind of sound, emphasis, and musical conception which are Steinberg's conviction.

Anyone acquainted with Steinberg's musical personality could have no doubt of what his preference would be, and of course the expert Boston players made every effort to accommodate themselves to his desires. The resulting series of performances was vital, broadly drawn, emotionally persuasive even if the sound tended to be thinner, more reedy, less roundly resonant than might be heard from players wholly attuned to his sense of tonal values. In achieving so clearly what he set out to do, Steinberg provided the most convincing demonstration of orchestral mastery yet to his credit here. And though Steinberg does many other things well, he left little doubt that there are few of his musical generation with so profound a command of the classical German orchestral literature as his.

In a week of repetitions at the Metropolitan preceding the introduction of "Fidelio," Mattiwilda Dobbs added new luster to her name with a first Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" that was pleasantly musical, vocally adept, and dramatically congenial. Rather than, as a bygone commentator said of another Zerlina, being "quite aware of Don Giovanni's intentions and not at all disposed to reject them," Miss Dobbs was properly tentative and more than a little naïve—qualities to endear any Zerlina. Moreover, her makeup was convincingly light, suggesting that there are modern means to tone *up* the darker skins for such parts as well as to tone down the lighter skins for Aïda and Selika. Aside from Lucine Amara, whose well-conceived Elvira was sometimes vocally unsteady, the cast was the same as the season's earlier one under Karl Böhm's direction.

The latest demonstration of Christa Ludwig's versatility (last week's loose-tongued reference to her as Susanna rather than Cherubino was obviously a Freudian fright of things to come) brought her Brangaene to the side of Birgit Nilsson's Isolde for the first time. As in her previous ventures, Miss Ludwig was soundly prepared, musically assured, and vocally polished within the range of dynamics available to her. These were insufficient (especially at the bottom) for the part in an auditorium as sizable as the Metropolitan, and she was hard pushed in the "Watch" to assert a dramatic stature not at her disposal. It was, otherwise, a night of prime effort by Miss Nilsson, and competence by Karl Liebl, a kind of lower-case tristan, but capable within clearly defined limitations.

ONE could not quarrel with the motivation of the latest addition to the repertory of the New York City Ballet in City Center, but its execution left more than a little to be desired. Titled "PanAmerica," it utilizes music from Chile, Colombia, Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, Uruguay, and Cuba in balletic contexts more or less related to those lands. As the scores included Chavez's "Sinfonia No. 5" for string orchestra and Ginastera's "Variaciones Concertantes," some of the others were bits of larger works or, in the case of Escobar's "Preludios Para Percussion," assemblages of brief pieces. Aside from several choreographed by George Balanchine, the planning was done by Gloria Contreras, Francisco Moncion, John Taras, and Jacques d'Amboise—all more or less on a made-work basis, without much that was fresh or substantial. Fewer projects better executed would seem a sounder plan for such a mélange.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Poetry

Continued from page 22

tablished forms.

In his early period Schwartz was the brooding introvert analyzing his "studious self-regard," moodily concerned with "The greedy anxiousness/Of daily weaklong, lifelong fear and insecurity," in which his ruminations threaded their way through an intricate labyrinth to pile up, one on top of the other, when they reached a blind alley. Such stacked height often gave the poems their depth. The nature of identity perhaps has been Schwartz's main preoccupation: "intent in that vigil in which the hunter is hunted/As the mind is, seeking itself, falconer, falcon and hawk, victor and victim." But the poet has now come to a summer knowledge of himself and others, to a passionate obsession with serenity," "not anxious, nor impetuous, not nervous, but free," awaiting in a kind of Sitwellian rapture "the sun's domination, the sun's great roar and fire." It remains to be seen whether or not this "tough Narcissus" will wed the Dionysian and Apollonian halves of his nature into an intensity neither anxious nor serene. The results should be well worth waiting for.

Lighting a Cigarette For a Girl

By George MacBeth

I weigh the oblong packet
Lightly in my hand,
Sheathed with cellophane

Immaculate and fresh,
Untouched by fire.

Slowly I rip it open.
Cellophane like water

Falls aside. I look
Hard in her ice-blue eyes,
Grave, unwavering.

Delicately I set
The white tube in her lips.
She feels my hand tremble:

The dry matches rattle:
I take one out and strike.

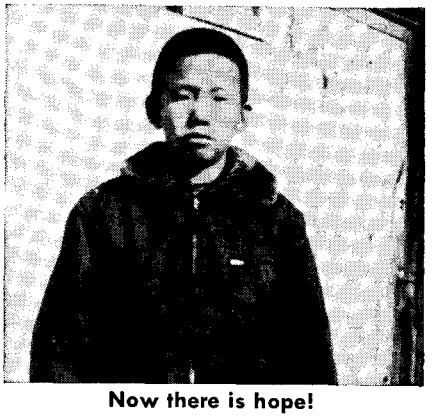
And our two bodies touch
By proxy in these tools,

Flame, tobacco smoke.
Slowly, she inhales.
I tilt my chair and talk.

MEET THE BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN

A few years ago life for Chung San Kim was hopeless. He had no home in war ravaged Seoul, Korea. His mother died during the communist invasion. Even the chance to go to school was denied him. His invalided father could not earn enough for Chung San's food and school supplies.

One day a truly astonishing thing happened! A Save the Children Federation Representative came to their



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shack and told Chung San Kim that he had a sponsor . . . a kind person who wished to help children in need. His sponsor was Mrs. Sonia Busch of Millbrook, N. Y. in the United States of America.

Chung San could not believe his good fortune until he received money and undreamed-of gifts of food and warm clothing. The thing that meant more than the feeding of his hungry body was the chance to feed his equally hungry mind. Mrs. Busch's sponsorship meant Chung San could go to school!

Through correspondence, Mrs. Sonia Busch became more than a name to Chung San Kim . . . more than a sponsor. He called her, "Sister whom I only can see in dream."

Poignantly he wrote:

"Autumn has stolen away, and now it is early winter here in Korea. The skeletonized trees without reddened leaves are standing lonely . . . Praying for the happiness of my sister."

At the end of every letter he drew a picture to illustrate his thoughts.

With drawings and words touched by poetry, Mrs. Busch in Millbrook, N. Y. knew that in Chung San Kim's eyes, she is a *beautiful American.*

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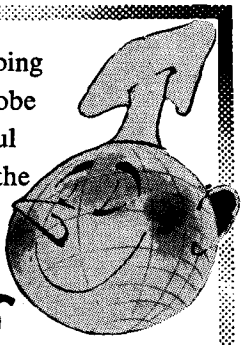

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Global Order

Continued from page 27

not inconsistent with the priestly caste. . . . He shuns publicity and is uncommunicative with the press. In fact he prides himself on his skill and reticence before the fourth estate."

Perhaps no responsible statesman who has worked with the Secretary-General has given as sharp a picture of the office and of the man who now occupies the post. Sir Leslie makes it clear that he did not always agree with Hammarskjöld but he did admire the man's integrity and work. The latter's practice of often using language that, many think, is deliberately obscure bothered Munro, particularly when he could not get a satisfactory answer concerning New Zealand's offer of troops for UNEF. Incidentally, it would have been helpful if the author himself had been less obscure in some places. For example, readers would like to know when New Zealand decided to support the British move in Suez in 1956; was it before or after the ultimatum to Egypt?

Nevertheless Munro's book is a valuable study of the U.N., by a high-level participant.

DEADLINE: Other generations have overestimated or undervalued their times. Only ours can calculate precisely the consequences for itself and the future of this planet of failure to keep the peace. Naïvely, perversely, shamelessly, our generation has forged and poised over all to follow the ultimate Sword of Damocles. Keeping in sound repair the slender thread suspending this sword must be man's central future preoccupation.

Can we yet leave a heritage more befitting civilized beings? An unusual writing team makes a valiant attempt to find an answer. Jerome Davis is a sociologist, churchman, and journalist; Hugh B. Hester, a soldier, food administrator in postwar Germany, and lecturer on foreign policy.

Their metaphorical title "**On the Brink,**" (Lyle Stuart, $2.95), may appear dated. Did we not move during 1959 away from the brink, toward the safer ground of the summit? Yes, but the title remains timely—and timeless. Man will totter on the brink of disaster until he learns how to control his own diabolical thermo-nuclear and biochemical inventions.

Vigorously and eloquently the writers present their solution. Enforceable disarmament and strong world government can herald unprecedented prosperity, development, discovery and freedom from disease. Leaving to others detailed planning for disarmament and revamping the United Nations, Dr. Davis and General Hester concentrate upon largely psychological obstacles to political change. They identify several "myths" deriving from tradition, prejudice, and misunderstanding that govern our thinking about the Cold War, security, and the China problem. These myths render us impotent to recognize as outmoded current concepts of defense, containment, deterrence, power politics, limited war, and sovereignty.

Replacing the myths of a people is a formidable task. The authors propose an ingenious combination of scientific thinking and religious idealism. The latter is illustrated by the Golden Rule, which even antireligious people such as the Soviets can accept. Christ's teaching of love and nonviolence, while rarely applied to international relations, must now likewise be taken seriously if we are to survive.

The nation-state must go, say the authors, for it rests upon the selfish premise of national sovereignty, breeding conflict and becoming a "taproot of war." It becomes superfluous when we attain world government strong enough to enforce the peace.

The Soviet proposal for a period of "competitive coexistence" is also portrayed as engendering antagonism and possible war. We should instead propose a worldwide plan of "cooperative coexistence" to attack more efficiently and harmoniously the world's economic and social ills.

A book so comprehensive, yet so brief, frustrates author, reader, and reviewer alike. It must of necessity oversimplify, generalize, omit much evidence needed to support even its most defensible conclusions. Largely for this reason, many sincere peace-seekers will disagree with or be left unconvinced by some of the analyses and recommendations. For example, the charge of recent American economic imperialism demands more proof and greater attention to the vast United States aid programs. And can economic competition be seriously viewed as a major cause of modern war? The generally hopeful interpretation of recent Soviet policy would only be strengthened by frank recognition of the Hungary incident and solid reasons for apprehension over mainland China's behavior. Reading Kennan, Noel-Baker, Warburg, King-Hall, Bowles, and Cousins will fill in the many other gaps.

However, Davis and Hester have shown that even a short book can illuminate usefully a vast subject.

—HAROLD E. SNYDER.

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A Wide Range of New Books for this Year's Cooks

(*Continued from page 24*)

THE BOOK	THE RECIPES	TOOLS, SKILL, TEXT	OPINION
"Fast and Fancy Cookery," by John Philips Cranwell (Doubleday. 239 pp. $3.75).	All the recipes—from breakfast to late supper snacks—are geared to the schedule of a hurry-up gourmet. Mr. Cranwell is not above suggesting tinned soups, bouillon cubes, and frozen vegetables in his quest for tasty and time-saving meals.	The author is brisk and masculine in his approach to cooking. He proposes attractive garnishes, side dishes, and wines to accompany the entrée. Particularly helpful is a suggested larder of soups, herbs, prepared sauces, meats, and sea food to be put into action when unexpected guests arrive.	For the hasty chef, the career woman, the bachelor who likes to entertain, this is a handy and informative guide to speedy and festive dining.
"Classic Cooking," by John Marshall (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 210 pp. $3.95).	Menus and recipes for thirty complete meals meticulously organized and complete with time requirements. The final chapter handles hors d'oeuvres, soups, salads, desserts and *spécialités*. Most recipes are planned for two with directions for expanding.	Here is a grown-up book for beginners and a fine refresher course for the old hand. Mr. Marshall hits a beautiful balance between the solid sensible and the flight of fancy. He tells exactly *how* to achieve the kind of dishes that are often dealt with in an airy and elusive manner by professional French cooks. The precise utensils and methods to achieve all this are listed and discussed thoroughly.	A splendid, much-needed bonus for the cook who seeks enlightenment and encouragement in exploring the mystique of French cuisine. Full of plain good sense and the promise of delicious meals ahead.
"The Breakfast Cookbook," by Alan R. Jackson (Simon & Schuster. 151 pp. $3). Illustrated.	A couple of hundred suggestions for turning breakfast (or brunch) into something tempting and decidedly off-beat.	Skewers, choppers, soup tureens are rarely associated with breakfasts, but if they are in your kitchen, you are equipped for Mr. Jackson. Nothing complicated in his recipes either—but plenty of new twists to old favorites (corn meal pancakes, soufflés with a canned soup base). The text is clear, simple, and attractively presented.	A refreshingly different approach to the day's most important—and generally dullest—meal. Worth adding to the kitchen shelf.
"Sourdough Jack's Western Cookery," by Jack Mabee (Mathis/Osborn/Woods. 37 pp. $1). Illustrated.	Sourdough pancakes and breadstuffs from Alaska, including a pastel of local Western food customs gathered over a decade from cattlemen, prospectors, and authors across the American West.	To fully explore the delights of these Sourdough recipes, the uninitiated will need the assistance of a package of Alaska Sourdough Starter or a package of Sourdough Jack's Starter. The publishers have thoughtfully inserted an order blank in the back of the book by which either can be obtained for a modest price. This little book contains not only a collection of mouth-watering recipes but also a priceless collation of legends, anecdotes, and old wives' tales of Alaska and the Great West.	This is an off-beat cookbook, full of fun and food and he-man eatin'. It also contains some interesting bits of history, going back to 4,000 years before Christ when an early Egyptian accidentally discovered the leavening process of flour. Worth your time, whether or not your new diet eliminates breadstuffs.
"Farm Journal's Country Cookbook," edited by Nell B. Nichols (Doubleday. 378 pp. $4.95). Illustrated.	A potato chocolate cake, said to be the darling of Western ranchers, strikes the keynote for this compendium of more than 1,000 wholesome, homespun goodies. In carefree non sequitur, recipes are grouped either with reference to usage ("Eating Outdoors," "Dishes to Tote," "Welcome, Neighbor, Casseroles," "Dinners for Daughters to Give Mothers") or predominant ingredients (meat, eggs, milk and cheese), and nearly every section spans soup to nuts, although sweets are stressed. Fortunately, the index rescues one from the maze.	A good, old-fashioned ice-cream freezer would be helpful, but you can churn butter with an electric beater. Directions for this, as for other items, are breeze-easy, and they even tell how to dig a pit for a huge barbecue. You'll need nothing more unusual than a nice plump raccoon.	Addressed to calory-careless women with husky, hungry menfolk, these rural American victuals will pep up the taste buds of those surfeited with the sophisticated.
"The S. A. S. World-Wide Restaurant Cookbook," by Charlotte Adams (Random House. 398 pp. $4.95).	Fare representing famous restaurants in more than 36 countries in Europe, Asia, and South America, as well as the United States. From the elegant Tour d'Argent (so expensive) in Paris (but worth it for the famous croustade de barbue lagrene—filet of sole to us) to the exotic Full Moon in Tokyo, where they bring the ingredients for you to cook yourself.	The gamut of liqueurs, herbs, and spices is *sina qua non*, with no substitutes suggested for the likes of Kaskaval, which is sheep cheese. Each restaurant's décor is described in detail (*i.e.*, "The tablecloths are orange, with napkins of a deeper shade" at Auberge de l'Arche de Noé, Chez Maurice in Ile de Porquerolles.)	Especially recommended for travelers who seek new palate sensations in far-off places and for those stay-at-homes who like to prepare in their own kitchens what's being consumed round the world.

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Dead Beats

Continued from page 13

and home at five to watch TV on the installment plan can hardly be expected to recommend itself to the young as a romance with the universe. Nor are the patterns of two-car and swimming-pool success much more attractive when it all comes down to sitting around on the patio and small-talking the world from martini to martini.

The young may be blatant, but their rebellions are always essentially noble. At the core of the Beat rebellion there lies a single, simple, all-embracing distinction between what is "square" and what is "hip." It is, in fact, all but impossible for a Beat to speak ten consecutive words without using one or both of those terms. They define the center of his world. By "square" the Beat means "complacent, stodgy, sterile, spiritually dead." By "hip" he means "aware"—aware of the life force, of reality, of the universe.

And were it a simple choice between going Madison Avenue and going Beat, I should certainly insist that the Beat has all the merit on his side.

THE BEATS have permitted themselves the ignorant assumption that they have stumbled on ultimate answers. What they have ignored in their youth and insolence is the simple fact that the human position has always been a middle term between good and evil, and that the simple continuity of man and woman born of man and woman, and seeking to transmit through every confusion a sense of the value of that continuity, is the one human position there is. It is an imperfect position, but it is the enduring one, and it will survive every doctrinaire fad.

What the surviving Beats have yet to learn is that they, too, must in time peter out into a random Bohemianism (as they have, by and large, already done) or take their own places within that continuity, to be accused in time, and with reason enough, by the confusions and rejections of their own young.

Bless their fling. May every child in his mad adolescence find parents who can remember their own madness. Perhaps the Beat Generation's dabble in Zen will even teach that detachment that leads to mercy and compassion. Even had the rebellion of the Beats lacked all theory, the very fact that the young will yet find their rebellion is itself a cause for hope, the point of which seems to become remarkably clear when we lost souls on the faculty wander into a fraternity house for an evening session with our pink-scrubbed future corporation idiots.

AND STILL, as rebellions go, this Beat jazz wasn't really much fun. As a literary movement it began and ended just about nowhere. As a set of antics, it still has a bit of mileage in it. They are still playing at it in the Village, out there at North Beach, and at Venice West. Certainly there is no problem in coming by marihuana in Chicago. In Denver, I noted recently, a joint that bills itself as a Beat dive runs night after night with a fifty-foot line of high school and college kids waiting to get in. But if the Beats had any sort of rebellion going once, there seems to be little enough left of it now beyond a fad for hip-talk and blare-jazz in crumby dives. That's dead enough, as the man said waving away the buzzards, let's bury it.

I hope the next time the young go out for an intellectual rebellion, they will think to try the library. It's still the most subversive building in town, and it's still human headquarters. And even rebels can find it useful to know something, if only to learn to sit still with a book in hand.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 8, 2, 6, 9, 1, 7, 10, 3, 5.

Late Autumn

By Robert Necker

THE wind weaves through
puddles of rain-ripped red
leaves and autumn flows in the
wind's veins and the night
runs cold as a witch-wooed apple.

But the moon sits still
as a schoolroom clock
whose ticktock full
and final is, as: a cat's
wink, a monk's Amen.
Then Time tiptoes.

And we dream, the wind brings
sounds, leaves break. We dream
of windows and snow outside—one
dream I died.
And woke snowbound.

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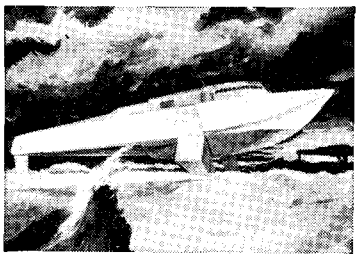

—Grumman.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier • Personality Portrait—XLVII • Science in Books

ARTICLES: The Tyranny of Numbers

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *WATERWINGS TO LONDON*
- *DRUGGED DOCTORS*
- *THE NIGHTGOWNED FISH*

THE water-borne creature sketched at our masthead this month of February is not trying to fly. It just wants to skim along far enough above the surface to escape the worst of the drag of the waves. What look like legs, bent for a spring, are really designed to keep the craft afloat and at the same time give it the speed of a soaring object.

Hydrofoil is the name of this—we almost wrote boat. But it is only half a boat. The other half is airplane.

We owe thanks for the sketch to the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation at Bethpage, Long Island. Grumman and its affiliate, Dynamic Developments, Inc., have just been awarded a $1,500,000 contract by the Maritime Administration for construction of a 104-foot vehicle to weigh eighty tons and race the open sea at sixty to eighty knots (a knot is approximately sixty-seven miles per hour). Launching is expected in June 1961.

Hydrofoils became a practical challenge to far-sighted engineers in the early 1900's, about the same time as the airplane. Italian scientists are generally recognized as the earliest successful experimenters. The same lifting principle is employed as on the airplane wing. By bulging the wing upward on top while flattening the bottom surface, particles of air are forced to travel farther and hence faster over the top than across the underside. An upward pull on the wing results, and it grows in power with rising speed.

Water obeys the same laws as air. But, being 800 times as heavy as air, its force takes effect in proportion. On the other hand, turbulence and cavitation occur in the water after certain speeds are reached just as air gave prejet plane pilots trouble when the speed of sound was passed.

Because of water's weight in comparison to the weight of air, it took much longer to design stable hydrofoils than to build flyable airplanes. Grumman, which has been working on the problem for the last ten years, says the final breakthrough came with the lightweight power of gas turbine engines and the strength of aluminum alloys for the hull.

Hydrofoil enthusiasts are talking about water-plane Queen Marys that will cross the Atlantic in a night. Grumman says these won't come about with present power plants and sheet metals. Practical weights now for trans-Atlantic vehicles run under 3,000 tons. That means ferry-boat accommodations for as many as 500 to 1,000 passengers, or berth and stateroom luxury comparable to the capacity of a first-class railway train. Crossing time from New York to London would be perhaps fifty hours, allowing the captains leeway to go around storms.

• • •

WHEN we published our first reports on abuses in the marketing of drugs a year ago, physicians told us it was a good thing to expose misleading advertisements but we shouldn't suppose that doctors were foolish enough to be taken in by excessive claims. Toward the end of last year, after we had added other evidence to our original exposures, a change took place in the attitude of the medical profession. Physicians now began to mail in ads they thought we might have missed, suggesting that doubtful statements ought to be emphasized for the benefit of other busy doctors. Then the Monopoly and Anti-trust Subcommittee of the United States Senate took up the question, and began airing evidence that removed any doubt whatever that doctors are fooled by the drugmakers' gaudy lures.

Dr. John Blair, chief economist for the Senate Subcommittee (headed by the Tennessee Democrat, Sen. Estes Kefauver) with others developed a chain of testimony that included these links: (1) steroid hormones are manufactured at a total in-the-bottle cost of 1.6 cents per pill; (2) the steroids are sold by the big drug firms—Upjohn, Schering, Merck—to druggists at 17.9 cents per pill; (3) the steroids are sold to the public on prescription at nearly 30 cents per pill; (4) the drug houses give selling and distribution costs as a major reason for the price spread; (5) almost a third of all the employes of one big firm, Upjohn, are "detail men" paid $8-9,000-a-year plus even larger sums in expenses to din their drugs in the ears of doctors; (6) ads these salesmen carry, as well as ads in the medical journals, include many claims unsupported by research and in some cases disowned by medical directors of the drug houses themselves; (7) in spite of the fact that claims for it were wild, one steroid little if any better than its competitors captured over 30 percent of the steroid market within the year 1959; (8) the only avenue through which these sales can be completed is the physician, who has fallen into the trap of prescribing by trade name; (9) the same drugs are sold to drugstores by small drug houses at 2.5 cents or less per pill, but these houses can't afford the kind of

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ads that impress the physicians and their trade names consequently appear less often on prescription blanks.

• • •

THE first Kefauver hearing, which was held in December, brought out the fact that the drug industry as a whole collects the highest profit of any phase of American enterprise. The second hearing, in January, concentrated on tranquilizing drugs and showed that makers of the "happy pills"—Carter Products, Smith Kline and French, and American Home Products—stand one, two, three at the very top of the profit pile. Mr. Mike Gorman, executive director of the National Committee Against Mental Illness, testified that the high price of such drugs is "contributing to the return of thousands of mental patients to mental hospitals."

Mr. Gorman also questioned the accuracy of the drug industry's claims for research on new drugs. He pointed out that in 1956 Mr. Chet Shaw, chief publicity man for the drug manufacturers, publicly stated that "we've done a lot of talking about an estimated $100 million [expenditure for research] but we would be hard put to document it." Since then the claim has gone up to $190 million, and this doubtful statistic is given (along with sales and distribution costs already mentioned here) as the justification for high pricing.

Mr. Gorman was specific about his own opinion of where much drug house money really goes:

"There are many so-called medical publications in this country today which are almost solely supported by drug advertising money. There are 'objective' medical news weeklies solely supported by drug company money. . . . Some of the drug firms pay annual consultant fees to doctors who are also conducting 'impartial evaluations of . . . drugs."

• • •

THE subject of our Personality Portrait for January was Prof. Herman Mark of Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute (see Letters to the Science Editor, p. 48), whose scientific specialty is making big and complex molecules out of small and simple ones. Shortly after our report on the Professor and his work appeared, the corporation which brought him to this country—Du Pont of Delaware—announced a significant new twist in the science that gave him fame.

The story begins with a discovery Du Pont researchers made ten years ago. What they found was a way of changing a simple plastic molecule into a complex one by simply exposing the first molecule to ultraviolet light. The resulting entity was called a photopolymer.

In 1957 the behavior of this photopolymer was sufficiently understood that the molecule could be formed into sheets or plates. Experiments were then undertaken in the use of such plates to transfer text and illustrations to paper in the art of printing.

Past printing plates were customarily made from metal, whose surface was etched by acid in a process that required hours to complete.

The photopolymer plate consists of a thin layer of the photopolymer bonded to a supporting sheet of metal. To produce a printing surface, a photographic negative is placed over the plastic and exposed to a strong ultraviolet light. Where light passes through the negative, the photosensitive plastic quickly hardens into relative insolubility. Where the plastic is shielded by the dark areas of the negative, the plate remains soluble and is washed away easily, leaving the hardened, exposed areas in relief. The entire operation, from original exposure to finished plate ready to print, takes only fifteen to twenty minutes.

One characteristic of the photopolymer process is that the plate reproduces exactly what is in the negative. Any number of plates made from the same negative will be exactly alike.

The new plates have now become accepted in the printing industry to the point where a factory is being built to mass-produce them.

• • •

EVOLUTION of modern religion to encompass the findings of modern science is probably the greatest unresolved problem of our time. Most scientists prefer to evade frank public discussions of the discussion. The 1959 annual meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago last December was, therefore, something of a landmark because of an address by George Gaylord Simpson, Alexander Agassiz, Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology at Harvard University. Professor Simpson's subject was evolution, and his argument ran:

"The import of the fact of evolution depends on how far evolution extends, and here there are two crucial points: Does it extend from the inorganic into the organic, and does it extend from the lower animals to Man?"

One of the many gradual concessions that Charles Darwin made to critics of *The Origin of Species* was insertion into the second edition of the words "by the Creator" to qualify his statement of how life had been "originally breathed . . . into a few forms or into one." But later Darwin conjectured that life would be found to be "a consequence of some general law"—that is, the result of natural processes rather than of divine intervention. He repeated this opinion at least three times in letters unpublished until after his death, so it must have represented his final conviction.

In the century that has passed since publication of *The Origin of Species*, there has grown up among biologists a general consensus that the beginnings of life can be traced from non-living things. "The conclusion has, indeed, really become inescapable, for the first steps in that process have already been repeated in several laboratories. There is concerted study from geochemical, biochemical and microbiological approaches. At a recent meeting in Chicago, a highly distinguished international panel of experts was polled [and] all considered the experimental production of life in the laboratory imminent.

At the other end of the story of life, where Man appears, "it was evident to evolutionists from the start that Man cannot be an exception." He "has no special status other than his definition as a distinct species of animal. He is in the fullest sense a part of Nature and not apart from it. He is not figuratively but literally akin to every living thing."

Man being thus only one of many millions of species, "it is in the highest degree improbable" that anything on Earth exists for Man's benefit or ill. "It is no more true that fruits, for instance, evolved for the delectation of men than that men evolved for the delectation of tigers."

Intricate interdependence of species is the rule of life. Some species are more successful than others, "but there is no divine favoritism." There certainly is purpose in the world, "but the purposes are not imposed from without or anticipatory of the future. They are internal to each species separately, relevant only to its functions and usually only to its present condition."

The fossil record of life on Earth "is fully consistent with the modern synthetic theory of evolution and . . . neither requires nor suggests any alternative explanation" of Man.

There is one thing in the fossil record that "probably would never have been inferred from study of living organisms." It is this: "Throughout the whole history of life most species have become extinct, without issue." Hence "the statistically usual" outcome of evolution is obliteration, not the progressive appearance of higher forms of life. Progression has occurred, but only in the exceptional lines of descent.

"The adaptive mechanism of natural selection has guaranteed that some lineages would win, that the world would indeed be filled and kept filled with adapted organisms, but just as in-

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exorably it has insured that most lineages would lose. It has, moreover, had the result that even the winners—the lineages that have survived thus far—have not necessarily been progressive, from a human point of view at least. The primitive amoeba has remained adapted, hence survived, while the lordly dinosaurs lost adaptation and therefore life. The degenerate tapeworm is, to all appearances, as well adapted as the (we like to think) progressive Man."

In this fossil record, then, lies the answer to the two alternatives that are sometimes offered to the theory of automatic evolution. One of these alternatives is *vitalism* and the other is *finalism*. *Vitalists* maintain that life is an essence or principle in itself, absent from non-living matter, but the internal directing force of evolution. *Finalists* argue that evolution has a preordained overall pattern with a definite purpose. But "the sort of testable evidence that would suggest *vitalism* or *finalism* would be the steady progression of life, and of each of its evolving lineages, toward a final and transcendentally worthy goal." And that is exactly the opposite of what is seen in the fossil record. "There is no clear overall progression. Organisms diversify into literally millions of species, then the vast majority of those species perish and other millions take their places for an aeon until they, too, are replaced. If that is a foreordained plan, it is an oddly ineffective one," for "species evolve exactly as if they were adapting as best they could to a changing world, and not at all as if they were moving toward a set goal."

The lesson here for Man is that he, too, can be extinguished like any of the other species. But he is by far the most adaptable of the species because he has developed culture which evolves along with his biological organism. He is the only moral animal, and "conspicuous among his moral attributes is a sense of responsibility." To whom and for what is he responsible?

"Man is responsible to himself and for himself. 'Himself' here means the whole human species, not only the individual and certainly not just those of a certain color or cast of features. . . .

"Life may conceivably be happier for some people in the older worlds of superstition. . . . It is a characteristic of this world to which Darwin opened the door that unless *most* of us do enter it and live maturely and rationally in it the future of Mankind is dim indeed—if there is any future."

• • •

THE axe has fallen on one of the most familiar clichés in the English tongue—"It isn't fit for a dog."

Teachers of grammar are not involved. The decision is purely scientific.

Men still may think that if they were dogs they would not enjoy certain dishes.

But it is now known that dogs, being dogs, have their own notions of what is pleasant.

A dog and its master can eat exactly the same meal and experience quite different and distinct sensations.

As a matter of fact, none of the spices or other artificial flavourings usually put into food by humans in the hope of gratifying an animal's appetite ever has pleased the animal.

This disconcerting news for pet lovers comes from the only big laboratory in America devoted exclusively to the study of the sense of taste. Housed in the New York State Veterinary College on the Cornell University campus in Ithaca, this unique institution combines research in genetics, psychology, nutrition, biology, physiology and veterinary medicine. Working under the direction of Associate Professor Morley Kare, the lab staff maps the taste buds on the tongues of the subjects of its experiments, intercepts electrical impulses in nerves between the tongue and the brain and analyses the physiological changes that occur between the moment food reaches the tongue and the moment taste sensation registers in the brain.

In a country where more dog food is sold than baby food in an average year, the findings have a big business potential. The lab handles 100 queries a year from American feed concerns as well as requests from Government agencies and firms overseas.

One of the surprising discoveries about the taste sensation itself has to do with chickens, which once were thought to possess no sense of taste. Research has proved otherwise through the feeding of flavored water. Although a hen has only 35 to 40 taste buds, compared to a person's 4,000 or so, Biddy can perceive differences in flavor not apparent to humans. For instance, she can take sugar or leave it alone; but she won't touch saccharine.

Well-meaning housewives who put warm water in a bird bath to comfort the birds on a cold day are actually insulting their feathered friends, the Cornell scientists say. Birds generally prefer cold water to warm water. When water reaches 112° Fahrenheit—the temperature of lukewarm coffee—birds will not drink.

• • •

IT IS only a step from the animal world to the realm of insects, and the pirate mosquito.

The pirate mosquito lives in Malaya and is only half as big as an ant.

Dr. R. E. Snodgrass, a research associate of the Smithsonian Institution, has observed the pirate mosquito closely and has just published some of his notes.

Pirate mosquitoes lie in wait on the branches of trees that are inhabited by ants. The ants work hard for a living, as every reader of fables is aware. At the end of an arduous honey hunt, they come home so heavy-laden that their mandibles are open. They pass the pirate mosquitoes all unsuspecting for the pirates look too small to worry about.

Zip! Down goes a pirate's proboscis between the open mandibles of a passer-by and steals the collected nectar for the pirate's own dinner.

• • •

THIS is the story of the fish that wears a nightgown.

We owe this one to Dr. Howard Elliott Winn, of the Zoology Department of the University of Maryland at College Park. He actually saw the fish putting on the nightgown during the summer of 1954 at the Lerner Marine Laboratory in Bimini, Bahamas.

When he first saw the gown, he thought the fish was sick, and that the filmy covering around it was a consequent secretion. But after repeated observation indicated that breathing and other reactions were normal, he became persuaded that the wearing of the nightgown was normal, too.

It happens only in the dark.

Brief flashes of light that reveal the transparent folds of the garment do not disturb the fish, but if light remains for any extended period of time the fish apparently thinks it is time to wake up. Whereupon it swims off, leaving the nightgown hanging in the water.

Just how the nightgown is made remains a mystery. It seems to appear as a variation of the mucous secreting system that most fishes have in their skins. Anyhow, the spinning of the "cloth" begins at the fish's mouth and slowly extends backward. One garment takes about half an hour to complete. The finished gown includes a flap at the front to let in the water, and another flap at the back to carry water and accompanying wastes away.

The fish that behaves in this human-like manner is called the parrot-fish, one of the gaudiest residents of the sea. It spins the nightgown while leaning against coral or hiding inside conch shells. Experiments have proved that the gelatinous feel of the garment discourages the appetite of the moray eel. It is therefore assumed that the fish dons the nightie to hold off, rather than to invite, company.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

SCOOPED OR SCALPED?

RE JOHN LEAR'S ARTICLE on life elsewhere in the universe ("The Search for Intelligent Life on Other Planets," SR/Research, Jan. 2), it doesn't seem that an analysis of what a man *doesn't* say is much of a contribution to science reporting.

I'd like to know the hazards "of bringing such problems within easy reach of the crowd." What are these "hazards"? And why was it so wise for Dr. Struve to be so cryptic?

And wasn't it just a little condescending to remark that Dr. Struve spoke in "pure astronomer's language" which "must be translated into simple English if the rest of us are to understand it clearly"? Dr. Struve's quoted remarks seemed plain enough.

Incidentally, there's nothing very new in the hypothesis that other suns than ours have families of planets which possibly support intelligent life. The theory has been kicking around for as long as I can remember.

Dr. Drake's cited article in *Sky and Telescope* is well worth reading as a real contribution on the subject. Lear's piece isn't a bad review of some of the literature (with the exception of his comments on Struve). Other than that, little can be said for it.

CHRIS MACGILL.

Miami, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The hazards Mr. MacGill asks about are (1) widespread superstitious fear of life on planets other than our own (2) fear that a search for life elsewhere will cause abandonment of already imperfect efforts to better life on Earth (3) danger that readers will not read carefully. Mr. MacGill, for instance, chides us for being behind the times in talking about life throughout the universe; what we actually reported in January was* the start of organized search *for such life. The general failure of American newspapers to headline the story would seem to be evidence enough that Dr. Struve's remarks needed some interpretation for laymen. Dr. Drake has written to the Science Editor "thanks for what is an extremely good job, in our opinion. You have successfully avoided the half-truths and meaningless speculations that have embellished and detracted from other accounts, and have presented quite a clear picture of what is going on, intellectually and physically."*

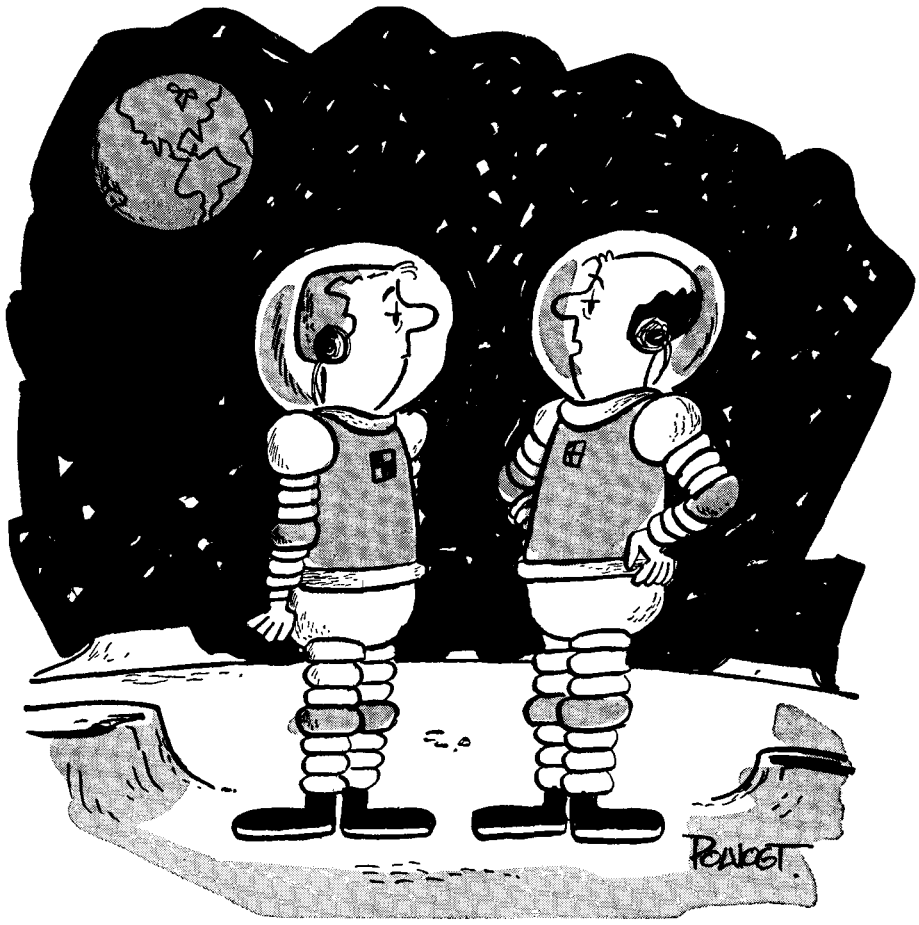
THE MAIN TRY

WHAT WITH BILLION DOLLAR space trys, fall out, poisoned cranberries, etc., etc., *ad nauseam,* wouldn't it be more pertinent to search for intelligent life on this planet first?

CHARLES THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The cartoonist Alan Dunn has just published a book on this subject. The Science Editor recommends it.*



"My ancestors came over on the Jupiter C."

BEASTLY ERROR

YOUR OFTEN ACCURATE Science Editor falls into common error (Science in Books, SR/Research, Jan. 2) when he assumes he may use the word "Pagliacci" to describe only one bear. Clown the bear may be. But, though it may not be singular for a bear to ride a bicycle, it certainly is not plural.

JOSIAH S. CARBERRY.

Providence, R. I.

THE SCIENCE OF COOKING

HERMAN MARK IS INDEED a scientist of the first rank, and a gentleman with an uncommon zest for life. Surely he, polymer science, and readers of the Saturday Review merit a better account of his life and work than the inept, inaccurate popularization in your issue of today [Jan. 2].

I will restrain myself to one comment on the unfortunate style. Scientists do not cook things in order to arrive at recipes. As for the facts, let us look at just a few.

Sugar (sucrose) is not considered a chain molecule by chemists. It is made up of two rings joined by an oxygen atom. Perhaps this is two links of a chain, but quite a different concept. Hydrogen is monovalent (H—) and cannot be part of a chain of atoms.

Giulio Natta did not father polyethylene. It was discovered and developed by Imperial Chemical Industries before World War II and was in production in England and in the U.S.A. long before Natta's work. This is not to belittle Natta's contributions to polymer chemistry, in connection with "coordination catalysts" and "isotactic" structures.

The difficult subject of free radicals is poorly presented. Perhaps it cannot be made clear to a non-chemical reader. For one thing, a free radical can never be a "linkage." The unique structural feature of a free radical is an unshared electron. If this free radical joins with another, a "linkage" forms but the free radical no longer exists. A free radical can be *on,* but never *in,* a chain.

One more error should be corrected. The great American polymer chemist was Wallace H. (not A.) Carothers. Dr. Carothers used and acknowledged Mark's X-ray techniques in the basic research that led ultimately to nylon.

JAMES E. KIRBY.

Wilmington, Del.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Kirby is right about Natta's work and Carothers' middle initial. Against his opinion on his other points is the opinion of Professor Mark, who refers to his experiments as a form of cookery and cooks many molecules which include hydrogen atoms in his chain recipes. In another letter, Professor Mark told us the Personality Portrait of himself was "very well written and lively."*

Several readers have asked for exact numbers of atoms in sugar and cotton molecules instead of the approximates given in our text. Sugar has 12 carbons, 22 hydrogens, 11 oxygens; a typical cotton molecule has 60,000 carbons, 100,000 hydrogens, 50,000 oxygens.

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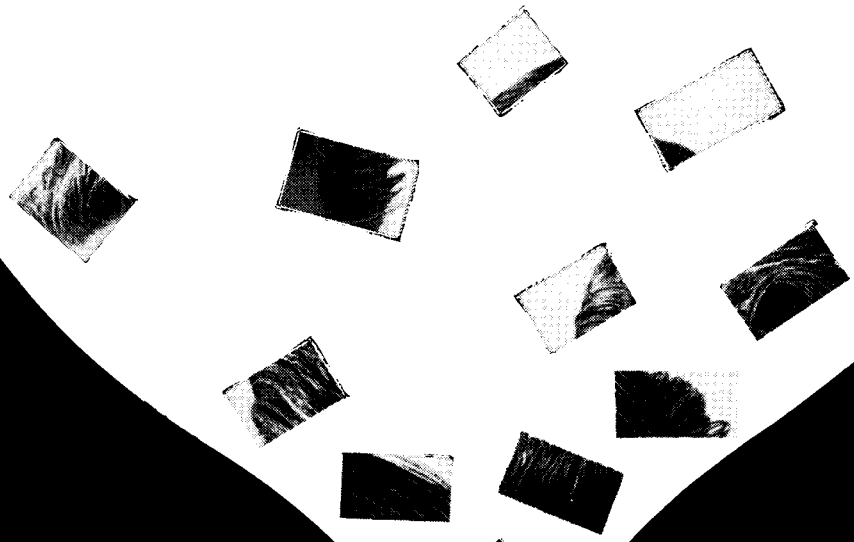

less time to control / more things

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Lew Merrim.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into ever-lengthening life, which is not always the idyllic state it sometimes seems in theory. As people age, their difficulties in adjusting to a society that did not anticipate so many of them multiply disproportionately. At the same time they feel growing pressure on their jobs and their egos from rapidly rising numbers of newcomers to the human family, many of whom are kept alive by medicines that did not exist to encourage such burgeoning in generations past. The whole phenomenon has become known as "the population explosion."*

Now explosion *is a violent word. What is the force behind it? According to the Population Reference Bureau, Inc., in Washington, D.C., the proper index of measurement is the following historical capsule: "It has been estimated that at the time of Christ there were perhaps 250 million people on Earth. It took*

ALAN F. GUTTMACHER
(Mt. Sinai Hospital—Columbia University).

BIRTH CONTROL was probably first attempted whenever man became sophisticated enough to understand the connection between sex and pregnancy. One of the earliest medical texts extant, the Petri Papyrus, written in Egypt almost 4,000 years ago, contains several prescriptions for the prevention of conception. The history of modern contraception properly begins with the invention of a sheath to withhold male sperm cells from the womb of the female. Such a device was first described in 1564 by Fallopius, the great Italian anatomist and authority on syphilis. Three hundred years later, contraception became a social force when the nineteenth century English cleric, Thomas Robert Malthus (who inspired the evolutionary thinking of Charles Darwin) firmly implanted the fear of overpopulation upon his era—a fear that is far more real in our own time.

Followers of Malthus considered his remedy, sexual abstinence, too dismal and perhaps immoral as well. They argued instead that means should be provided, especially to the poor, for limiting the size of families.

The one natural method of achieving family limitation is the one approved by the Catholic Church. It relies wholly on timed abstinence. This is the safe period or rhythm method. Rhythm is based on three scientific facts: one, most women, most of the time, discharge an egg (ovulate) only once a month; two, the egg is relatively short-lived and receptive to fertilization for less than twelve hours; and three, a male's sperm cells remain capable of fertilizing the egg for only forty-eight hours. Ordinarily this means a woman can be impregnated only on the two days preceding ovulation and the half day thereafter. So the problem boils down to knowing the precise day of ovulation.

The ordinary woman usually ovulates fourteen days before her next menstrual period is due. If everything happened according to rule every time, abstaining on three days each month would solve the whole problem of preventing undesired pregnancy. But ovulation does not occur with mathematical precision; it may shift several days, one way or the other. To take this variability into account, it is advised that abstinence be practiced on four days before the calculated ovulation day, on the calculated day of ovulation itself, and on three days thereafter. The rhythm method is not applicable to the approximate ten to fifteen per cent of women who have irregular menstrual periods nor is it applicable to mothers until they have had three regular menstrual cycles following birth. Therefore rhythm is the least efficient medically approved contraceptive method.

If it were not for the eight-day prohibition that this method imposes each month and the long period of enforced abstinence after childbirth, rhythm would be ideal from the psychic and emotional viewpoints, since it *is* the *physiologic* norm. But for young couples in the prime of their sex lives, such recurrent periods of monastic behavior are, to say the least, very difficult.

THE physiologic norm is the goal of present-day research in contraception. We have approached it by a long, roundabout route. One of the historic landmarks along the way was the publication in 1822 of a booklet, "Illustrations and Proofs of the Principle of Population," in which the English social reformer Francis Place pleaded for birth control clearly and openly. "How to" leaflets soon became available, and these were followed in a few years by more detailed instruction in a woman's handbook blandly titled "What is Love?". Another pamphlet, "The Fruits of Philosophy," emerged in 1832 in New York, its author identified in the work only as "A Physician." The physician was Charles Knowlton, who, for his pains, was twice fined and then sentenced to three months in prison—notwithstanding his excellent reputation as a fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. His reasoned account of contraceptive techniques had a profound and far-reaching influence.

The vulcanization of rubber was perhaps more influential than any book, because it led not only to the popularization of the male sheath but in time to the perfection of a vaginal diaphragm, which blocks entrance to the womb. Invented in 1838 by a German, Friedrich Wilde, and brought to this country in 1913 by the late Margaret Sanger, this device gave women their first opportunity to protect themselves from pregnancy. Responsibility for contraception was no longer limited to the male.

Most subsequent developments have been concerned with greater convenience and happiness for the woman. Chemically prepared jellies, creams, and suppositories are gradually doing away with the necessity for the diaphragm. A score or more of these are packaged in tubes like toothpaste. They render male sperm cells ineffective. Simpler for most women would be insertion of a tablet which is now being tested in two forms: foaming and non-foaming. The foaming type is now being widely tested in India, Puerto Rico, and to a lesser extent in our own country. A crucial experiment is just getting under way in Cleveland at the splendid Planned Parenthood clinic there. At our own Mount Sinai clinic, where we have been experimenting with non-foaming tablets, we have discovered recently that, in more than 550 years of accumulated patient use by more than 1,000 couples, there were only sixteen unplanned pregnancies per 100 years of exposure. If we correct this figure for patients who admitted irregular or improper use, this index is reduced to ten per 100 years.

Although many modern contraceptive devices are highly effective, they are not the answer for the poor or the un-

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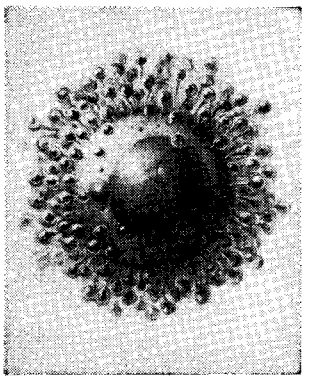
. . . Pills for Population Control?

1600 years for the first doubling to 500 million. It took only 250 years for the next doubling, to one billion—in 1850. The third doubling, to two billion, came in 1930, during a period of only eighty years. If current trends continue, there will be four billion in the late 1970's—a doubling in less than fifty years. . . ."

What can be done about it? "Grow more food," say some. "Suppose we can feed everyone, where is the living space?" ask others. The question has become an issue in the 1960 Presidential choice of the people of the United States because of a statement on birth control issued by the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

Catholicism accepts the only known natural form of birth control. Science is now at work on other possible natural methods. Below is a candid report by a pioneer in such research, Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, whose views are expressed at greater length in a new Doubleday book, "Babies by Choice or by Chance."



—*Abbott*—"What's New?"

Key to the problem: the human female egg.

educated. They are too expensive for budgets that deal in pennies a day, they require intelligence and instruction, and their use is closely connected with the time of the sex act. Birth control on a world-wide basis can be solved only by a very simple, foolproof, cheap contraceptive which is harmless even when used over protracted periods and readily reversible, so that when it is discontinued fertility will be restored rapidly. Application must depend neither on intelligence, nor consistently maintained motivation, nor special equipment. Finally, and most important from the standpoint of universal acceptance, use must be at a time wholly apart from the moment of coitus.

THE first practical breakthrough in physiologic contraception has been accomplished by a group of steroid chemicals. These function by affecting the pituitary gland on the under surface of the brain. Ordinarily once each month the female pituitary releases into the blood stream a chemical messenger, the gonadotrophic hormone. When this hormone reaches either ovary in sufficient concentration it causes the ovary to discharge an egg. The steroid contraceptive prevents the pituitary from manufacturing the hormone. Lacking this triggering stimulus, the ovary discharges no egg and pregnancy cannot occur.

If a woman takes a steroid pill for one or two days it will not work as a contraceptive; the pill has to be swallowed daily for twenty days.

Two contraceptive pills based on preventing ovulation are on the market, each now selling for approximately fifty cents a pill. It is believed they will cost appreciably less in the future. Enovid is the trade name of one, its chemical name is norethynodrel (17 ethinyl estraenolone); the other is called Norlutin, norethindrone (19-NOR-17 alphaethinyl testosterone). Both are synthetics.

Unfortunately only two large studies concerning their effect in humans have been published up to this writing, and the two disagree on some very fundamental points. Dr. Gregory Pincus, of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, and his co-worker, Dr. John Rock, Professor Emeritus of Gynecology at Harvard, conducted three experiments in Puerto Rico and one in Haiti. Drs. Edward Tyler and Henry Olson, of the University of California School of Medicine in Los Angeles, carried out a study in Los Angeles. The Pincus-Rock report is immensely enthusiastic, the Tyler-Olson report less sanguine.

How successfully do Enovid and Norlutin prevent pregnancy? Pincus-Rock claim ninety-six per cent protection. Only one pregnancy occurred among the hundreds of patients who took the medication precisely as prescribed. Pregnancies happened in patients who omitted one or more tablets from the twenty they were instructed to take each month. Tyler-Olson do not give a precise failure rate for Enovid and Norlutin but intimate that the steroids were apparently as effective as the vaginal diaphragm.

ARE the steroid contraceptives dangerous? The pills do violate a general medical principle. It is deemed safer to affect a target organ (in this case the ovary, oviduct or the womb) directly rather than to tinker through another organ, particularly when the intermediate is as important and complex as the pituitary gland, which regulates a dozen vital body processes, including growth. Despite this theoretical objection, the contraceptive pills apparently influence only the chemical responsible for the egg's discharge from the ovary. The medical associates of Drs. Pincus and Rock carefully examined patients who had been taking Enovid for thirty months and could find no evidence of physical harm. Furthermore, when the pill was discontinued there was no impairment of fertility.

Do the steroids have objectionable side effects? Both studies give a positive answer to this query and both agree that the development of undesirable side effects is a highly individual reaction. Some patients develop them, others do not. Among these reactions are irregular bleeding, nausea with or without vomiting, headache, dizziness, increase in weight and decrease in libido. Even from this incomplete data available I have no hesitancy in recommending Enovid or Norlutin; the latter seems to produce fewer reactions. Since you will have to get your physician to write you a prescription anyway, consult him about your use of the pill. If he approves you ought to report to him for a checkup as often as he thinks necessary.

Perhaps more promising as a contraceptive is a non-steroid pill, taken by mouth on the day of coitus and possibly a few days thereafter. It is now in its early experimental stage, having been proved effective only in rats so far. The action of this pill prevents the development of the egg beyond the first few hours after conception, in the end destroying the fertilized egg. This does not, as might be supposed, cause an abnormal fetus. The egg comes down from the ovary, as it does normally, develops to the two- or three-cell stage, then simply ceases its development and is absorbed as a tiny fragment of protoplasm. A religious objection to such an action may be that it is more ethical to prevent conception from occurring than to stop it, no matter how early and insensate the potential life may be.

I feel quite strongly that the ideal physiologic method of contraception will be found. The time will be greatly shortened if more money and effort are expended in this direction. The ideal would seem to be an injection once every several months or a single oral dose which will work its magic for years to come.

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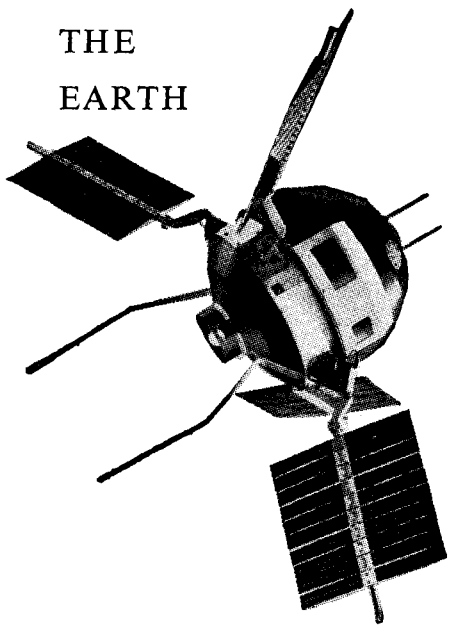

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XLVII

WILL HIS FROZEN PICTURES POLICE THE EARTH?

Young Dr. William Glenn, a General Electric Physicist,

Has Invented a Chemical-Free Photography

—SCHENECTADY, N.Y.

YOUNG Bill Glenn did not move to Glenville until long after the town was named. It is only fair to historians to have this noted now; otherwise, the time might come when the place and the man were synonymous in legend. The makings of the tale are already in the air of suburban Schenectady for the few who have learned the habit of appraising the impact of science on civilization. Young Bill Glenn quite conceivably will be remembered in days to come as the one who made world-police possible.

Young Bill is a modest fellow, and all six feet of him will probably feel gawky if anyone mentions such a notion in his presence. But no amount of protesting, even in the long drawl of his native Georgia or boyhood Alabama, can dampen the effect of Bill's invention of a picture film that melts and freezes and melts again like indestructible snow and can shoot continuous movies of the Earth from artificial moons adrift in the sky.

Because these pictures are detailed photographs—they can even be taken in full color—and because they run in swiftly timed sequence, they ultimately will enable constant surveillance of the face of the globe. Anything that moves at any point between one picture frame and the next will betray itself.

The images can be viewed on a projection screen as swiftly as they are radioed down to the ground. And as fast as the copies are made below, the originals above can be melted away to make room for new photographs.

There is an almost magical sound to all this, but Bill's neighbors along Indian Kill Creek will hardly be surprised. A person who dares to design a house to make the living room comfortable for musical notes—and ends up with something that really looks like a very nice house—is almost bound not to stop there. And Bill did build the living room for the music. He put the speaker of his phonograph in one corner and then bounded the corner on one side with a twenty-eight-foot sheet-glass window and on the other side with a big stone fireplace. These hard surfaces threw the tone whole-heartedly across the room and into bookshelves and open spaces deliberately phased to allow the sound to die away gracefully. Aside from being slanted to fit the roof, the ceiling was cushioned to drink in what otherwise would be echo and clash. The overall effect is one of intimate understanding between the house and the family inside it. For Bill himself is both a folk dance devotee and an active member of the music committee of the Unitarian Church, while his wife Alice (nee McNeil) sings on Sundays in the Unitarian choir.

THERE is a workshop in the Glenn cellar, beneath the glass that looks downhill across a wooded acre and the rippling water, where Bill tinkers in the evenings with his two sons, Douglas (seven years old) and Ross (five years), passing on to them whatever they will take of the scientific method Bill acquired from his math-teaching father in Birmingham.

Papa Glenn was a physicist at heart, and his dark-haired boy (christened William Ellis at his birth in Georgia's capital thirty-four years ago) inherited the tendency. Only a year old when his parents moved to Alabama so his father could join the faculty of Birmingham Southern College (where he is now registrar), young Bill's oldest recollections have to do with putting ideas into physical motion.

Bill went to school in Birmingham along with the other kids who lived around him, took his first year of college at Birmingham Southern, and finished at Georgia Tech as a V-12 cap-

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—*General Electric.*

William Glenn with encyclopedia on a single spool of frozen pictures.

tive of the U. S. Navy. After a year of active naval duty as an Ensign, he began to apply his scientific bent by working on instrumentation for the nuclear bomb tests at Bikini. That experience roused an appetite for further knowledge, and Bill took up graduate work at the University of California. He was in the Radiation Laboratory with Dr. Glenn Seaborg when Seaborg won the Nobel Prize for man-made elements.

While yet a student at California Bill undertook two projects that have influenced his life ever since. One was his marriage to Miss McNeil, a fellow student from Dover, Del. The other was the invention of a special type of mass spectrometer, which measures what it sees by analyzing the color spectrum.

The beauty of Alice McNeil's voice has been charming Bill since even before he heard her sing with the California choir under Pierre Monteux. It belongs to the whole phenomenon of sound that merges with the phenomenon of color in Bill's new invention, which General Electric's research vice president Guy Suits publicly ranked in significance alongside the invention of the phonograph and the photograph.

As a big corporation executive with a reputation for dependability to defend, Dr. Suits cannot afford to make foolish statements. His opinion in Bill's case may be slightly biased, however, because Bill developed his invention in the GE laboratory within easy motor drive of the Glenn home. But unlike many GE innovations, Bill's revolutionary photo film is not a product of scientific teamwork. Bill is a lab lone wolf, and his film is the offspring of only one extremely ingenious mind.

Although the idea of pictures that melt and freeze may seem near the forbidden rim of the esoteric, the thought behind it actually is, like most great advances in science, a simple succession of clearly expressable relationships. The beginning, of course, was young Bill's interest in instrumentation. Since the spectograph operates by splitting up color and studying the fragments, his attention was logically attracted by a Swiss device for making TV color pictures by projecting an identical image in the three primary colors in rapid succession. In this system, known as eidophor, the pictures are reproduced on the TV screen by rippling a film of oil with a beam of electrons and shooting light through the iridescent ripple during the instant of its existence. Bill Glenn didn't do much more than register the principle because American TV had already tried and abandoned the successive projection of primary colors in favor of simultaneous projection of all colors. He turned his mind from sight to sound and played with ways and means of improving phonograph records, which are traditionally formed in two steps—a master etching on steel, and pressing of plastic copies from that master mold. Wasn't there a simpler method of making those duplicates? Suddenly his thinking jumped, out of the grooves where sound was stored, back to the momentary ripple in the film of oil that gave off visual images. Why not etch sound recordings with an electron pencil? Come to that, why not use such a pencil to fill records with pictures? Or, better still, how about putting the pictures on a film that could be reeled off for movies?

THERE was the invention, as it sprang into Bill Glenn's head. The only remaining question was: What sort of film? High speed computers, some of them manufactured by GE, were already doing their memorizing and calculating on plastic tape so processed as to receive and retain electric charges magnetically. The charges merely rode along invisibly on the surface. Could they possibly be persuaded to indent the tape like the groove in a phonograph record? They could be, and young Bill finally worked out a thermoplastic system of recording visual pictures in the following manner:

First the original photograph is taken electronically as by a TV camera. The picture is then copied, line by line, either in black and white or in full color, by a pen that writes with electrons rather than with ink. The intensity of the lighted and shaded areas of the picture determines the force with which the pen ejects the electrons in different parts of the several lines.

The point of the electron pen hangs suspended within a vacuum, above a revolving reel of plastic ribbon. The ribbon is made in three layers, the top

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layer magnetized to receive the electronic impressions from the pen, a middle layer capable of conducting electricity, and a third layer to serve as a stable base for the upper two.

AT the moment the electrons fall onto the magnetically ready top layer, the surface of that layer is solid. But immediately after that point in the ribbon has moved past the pen, the layer is melted electrically and the negative charges of the electrons sink into the conducting layer in response to the attraction of positive electrical charges in the bottom of the ribbon.

Wrinkles are thus formed in varying depths, depending on the force with which the electrons poured out of the pen. The ribbon proceeds in this melted state only far enough to allow the wrinkles to reach their full depth. Then the melting stops and freezing sets in instead, fixing the wrinkles like long narrow panes in a furrowed window.

When rays of light are cast through these furrows, the original picture is reproduced in detailed fidelity without the necessity of passing through any of the intricate, time-consuming chemistry required to develop conventional photographs.

If color images are desired, the original picture is broken up by what amounts to an electronic prism. The light is scattered by means of a grating in which each of the openings is just wide enough to accommodate one color at a time. The amount of ribbon surface used to record color impressions is four times as great as that needed for black and white pictures. But since the black and white version of this new form of communication holds one hundred times as much information as the next most efficient means of telling a story, the thermoplastic recording potential for color photography is good.

Bill Glenn described the scientific innards of his invention—since everything seems to require a nickname these days, it is called TPR—in the December 1959 issue of the *Journal of Applied Physics*. His report had been in the *Journal*'s hands since 5 January last year. Other researchers who knew of his work interpreted it for newspaper men around Christmas time, when that issue of the *Journal* began to circulate. These interpretations centered mainly on the value of thermoplastic recording to the making of movies in Hollywood and on TV screens. It was pointed out that the possibility of viewing pictures through a magnifying lens while they were rolling onto the reel of recording ribbon would enable a movie director to edit a film as the actors performed it, making choices from different camera angles and erasing undesirable shots. General Electric declined any comment on the new invention prior to a demonstration in New York City in mid-January. Movie and TV potentialities were then made to share attention with two other perhaps more significant uses for TPR.

The automatic factory and the automatic office are nearer because of Bill Glenn's ingenuity. TPR's images can be conveyed electronically without diminution in the amount of data that is packed on microfilm. One standard-size typewriter ribbon spool would hold every word of every page of the twenty-four volumes of the current edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. If there were a person who could flip the pages fast enough the pictorial image of the text of each of the twenty-four books could be recorded in one minute of time. And if the human eye were able to read at such breakneck speed, the words could be scanned while they flew from the printed pages into storage on the rolling reel. Even more important, for some purposes, is the possibility of stopping the ribbon instantaneously, projecting information recorded at a particular point in quickly readable form, making a decision based on that data and then proceeding.

It is to the Earth satellites that the greatest benefit of TPR accrues. For a satellite is only as valuable as the information it sends back to Earth. Size and weight limitations being what they have been, telemetered results of satellite observations are notoriously limited. Now the spectrum is immeasurably broadened.

A GLOBAL police system has thus become practical through young Bill Glenn's invention. When it finally takes form, no one will be happier than he. By choice a lonely innovator in the laboratory, he is a warm and friendly extrovert in every other way. If posterity tags him for fame as a force for peace among men, it will be because of an accidental conjunction of his science and a particular moment in history. But on a smaller scale young Bill has been more deliberate in his efforts to protect the human species from foolishness. The contribution his neighbors know best is the catamaran hull he poured from plastic foam and covered with glass cloth. This boat can't possibly sink when he runs it before the wind with the family aboard on Sacandaga Reservoir. The thing even has a transparent sail so Bill can always see what he's heading into. When the sun's rays slant at a certain angle, the effect is one of voyagers in a dream, apparently unpropelled yet unmistakably moving. There is an ephemeral quality in the air then, reminiscent of Bill's pictures, which melt and freeze and melt again. —WILL JONATHAN.

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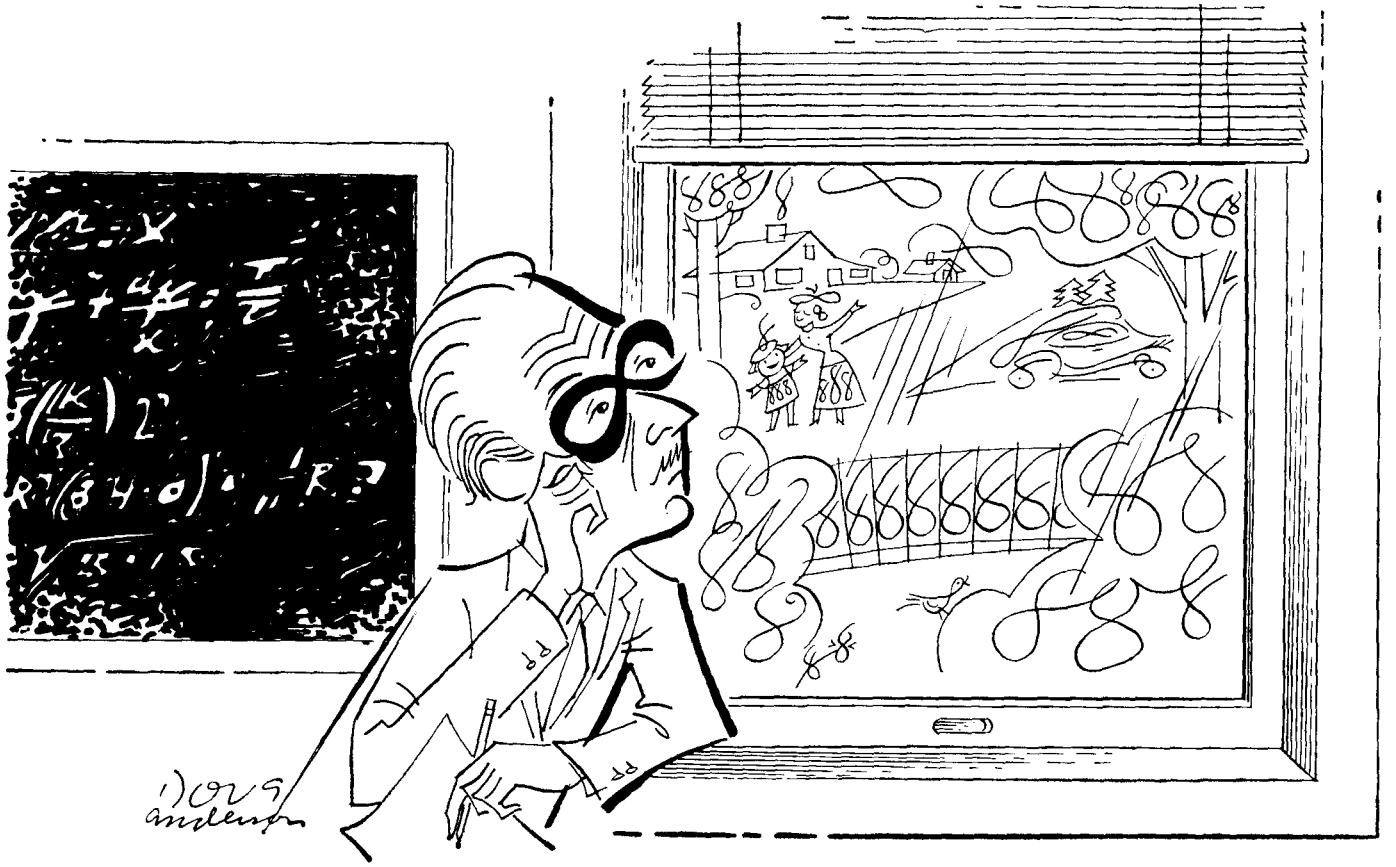

THE TYRANNY OF NUMBERS

By CHARLES E. GOSHEN

WHILE other animals specialize in their ability to fly, to hide, to reproduce in large numbers, etc., man has come to rely on his intelligence as the primary tool with which he attempts to survive. Through his intelligence, man not only learns to adapt himself to many possible environments, but also learns to change environment itself to suit his needs. The mechanism by which this comes about is the process of understanding the environment and relating it to experience. With this understanding man is able to make predictions about the probabilities of future events, and with these predictions he is able to prepare himself to meet and master, or to avoid, the necessities which he has rightly or wrongly predicted.

Man is not quite as unique as he believes in his use of intelligence. Lower animals also seek to explain nature, although only in terms of something being safe or unsafe, or edible or inedible, this being related to survival, too. The other animals cannot, however, conceptualize to the extent of predicting and altering nature.

Other animals have become extinct in the past because they learned to survive so well that their number grew to exceed their food supply. Capable though man is, he often uses his intelligence to outsmart himself. By going to an extreme in this direction, man might destroy himself. Even this sort of eventuality, however, is predictable, and man could use his intelligence to prevent it from happening.

Because man relies so heavily upon explanations of nature, a phenomenon of great importance enters the picture. It is not often recognized in the study of human behavior. It is the phenomenon of *credibility*. About any natural event which concerns man there can be created a number of possible explanations, and the one which man selects is the one which is most believable, or credible, to him; the ones discarded are those least credible. In order to make this selection, man has to have some kind of criteria of credibility, or standards of belief.

All men do not, of course, use the same criteria. During different stages of history, certain standards are more widely employed than others. In general, civilization advances to the degree to which man improves his criteria of credibility, and retreats as he lowers his standards.

In the past, an explanation of nature was more likely to be believable if it was in accordance with certain religious concepts, or if it was advocated by some respected leader, or if it appeared to conform to man's own sensory impressions. Throughout history there has been a strong temptation for man to believe those explanations which offered him the most pleasing picture of the future. A prediction of life-after-death, or of reincarnation, was credible on this basis.

Today, we would say that the ultimate in criteria of credibility is scientific objectivity. Presumably, the criterion of credibility used in science is that of objective truth. Unfortunately, however, human beings, including scientists, are constantly seeking explanations which are pleasant to believe, regardless of truth. We can use this distinction as a convenient way of separating a scientific from a non-scientific theory. If the criteria used to make the theory credible are those of objective truth, the theory is scientific; if the criteria come closer to what the individual or group

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Dr. Charles E. Goshen

DR. CHARLES GOSHEN, A STAFF PSYCHIATRIST at the Washington Clinic in the District of Columbia, points out in columns adjoining that Sir Isaac Newton's explanations of nature were easy for man to accept because they paralleled man's own efforts to establish law and order. Then Albert Einstein came along and substituted randomness for order, mathematical probabilities for fixed laws. Dr. Goshen complains that too many scientists are unwittingly clinging to the comfortable though discredited Newtonian view.

It occurred to us, while reading his observations, that at this moment in time we may be experiencing a sort of proof that the general populace is more greatly influenced by scientific discovery, in subtle but powerful ways, than is ordinarily supposed. Our present day world is disturbed by many disorders: countless flare-ups of juvenile delinquency, the irresponsible "live for today" credo, the multiplication of mental illness, the disaffection from traditional religions. Philosophy, literature, art are all affected. Whence springs this overwhelming sense of chaos?

Can it be that although science is laggard in accepting Einstein's uncertainties, the lay public has accepted them and is responding emotionally? Is it possible that man's present disordered state is actually a slow, painful awakening to the unfixed nature of the physical world? Has science supplanted art as the portent of the future?

We asked Dr. Goshen for his opinion. "It's an idea worth thinking about," he said. We pass the challenge on to our readers. The uncertainties have always existed. We have taken a forward step if we recognize they are here to stay. The potentialities of the human spirit for justice and order can be achieved only to the degree to which we as individuals are willing to exert ourselves.

—Roberta Silman.

wishes to believe, the theory is non-scientific.

Perhaps man's greatest step in the direction of objective thinking came about as a result of the theories of Sir Isaac Newton. Newton's explanations of nature made possible predictions of exquisite precision, thereby offering man a vast expansion of his ability to control nature and consequently to determine his own future.

Man enthusiastically seized on this new system of viewing nature because it combined in one package two sets of criteria of credibility which had previously seemed contradictory. Not only did the Newtonian theories appear to withstand the test of objective truth, but they also complied with man's age-old desire to find comforting explanations of nature's behavior. The comfort was inherent in the assumption that nature proceeded in a lawful and orderly way—in the same way man had adopted in the slow building of his own society. Given the vast degree of security implicit in an interpretation of nature based on laws, man could construct hypothetical models of nature in the form of mathematical equivalents which he could manipulate with freedom and safety. When he tested these models against reality, he could easily convince himself that he was manipulating nature itself.

Newtonian physics served so many human wishes that any new system of thinking could be expected to find a hard time getting established. Such has been the fate of the thinking of Albert Einstein. Anticipating the refinement of modern science's ability to measure, Einstein predicted that the Newtonian laws would turn out to be illusions. He declared that randomness rather than lawfulness is the fundamental characteristic of natural events, and that what appear to be natural laws are merely statistical probabilities. He was convinced, however, that the concept of lawfulness in nature had such a strong hold on men's minds that it would not be easily shaken. And he was quite right. Sixty years have gone by, and it is the rare scientist who has adopted the Einsteinian view. Instead, the philosophy of the Newtonian concepts still prevails.

MAN's ability to construct mathematical models of nature has become such a highly developed skill that the self-confidence it inspires sets up an almost insurmountable obstacle to the introduction of new thinking. Few scientists acknowledge to themselves that mathematics, far from being a fact of nature, is a man-made, hypothetical model of nature. This lack of realization is responsible for the assumption by many, if not most, scientists that the only genuine test of truth lies in the ability to construct a mathematical equivalent, and in assuming that the behavior of this model is identical with the behavior of nature. The fact that close parallels often exist between mathematics and nature seems to confirm the deception. Actually, of course, mathematics is only a way of expressing man's interpretations of nature, and there is no objective reason to suppose that the rigid and arbitrary rules on which we build our "language of numbers" indicate the existence of "laws of nature."

Science has allowed itself to fall into the same trap which the medieval scholastic philosophers did, that of becoming infatuated with the language itself and deriving "truths" from arbitrary rules originally built into it. Quantitation has become a kind of god which is worshipped in much the same way that the monastic philosophers worshipped their God. In both cases, all truth is required to fit into a pre-determined system of ritualistic logic. In one case, it had to fit into "the will of God." In the other case, it is required to fit into a mathematical formula. Any other class of theory is heretic, being despised as "lacking in precision," a modern-day equivalent to the older condemnation, "work of the devil."

The mathematical viewpoint sufficiently approximates the truth of physical phenomena that it has extensive pragmatic usefulness. Fallacies appear only when we view nature at the extreme limits of the dimensional spectrum, that is, at the molecular and celestial levels. The danger inherent in the Newtonian viewpoint is not that of lack of usefulness, but the tendency to become a belief, a faith, a criterion of credibility against which all truth is measured. Empirically, it is sound, but philosophically it is false.

The abuses often practiced in the name of quantitative science are comparable to the clever device employed by an anthropologist who wished to teach elementary sanitation to a group of primitive people. He advised them that the water from a contaminated stream nearby was filled with evil spirits, that these spirits could be destroyed by fire, and to avoid being cursed by these spirits the natives had to boil the water before drinking it.

The natives offered no resistance to this theory, appeared to comprehend it perfectly, and quickly adopted the recommendations. Any scientific discussion with them of typhoid or dysentery would have gotten nowhere.

Such is the case with today's mechanistic scientist. We can get him to act on a hypothesis if we first assure him that the subject in question contains measurable phenomena. If we ask him to undertake a study in which quantitation is inapplicable he shies away in great alarm, crying out that it is "unscientific." He is willing only to study that which is measurable, assuming this to be the criterion of all that is scientific.

"Objective" really means "independent of human bias." Since mathematics is a human creation, and a product of the human wish for orderliness, it is difficult to see how its use liberates

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science from human bias. Objectivity is in truth a quality that a given scientist may or may not possess. If he does possess it, his observations will be objective. A non-objective scientist cannot conceal his bias behind numbers.

Without specifying how many scientists we have been referring to, we have implied that many, or most, of them are unscientific in their thinking. To the extent to which this is true, it would follow that objectivity is rare in science. We know this un-objective quality is characteristic of some scientists, and we suspect it is true of many. Perhaps the greatest harm done by this trend is through the way in which today's public image of science is being created. Statistics, numbers, and measurements are being advertised as the epitome of scientific thinking. According to these criteria, unquantified observations and studies receive little respect, and even less in the way of financial support from the dispensers of research grants. Apparently many of the spokesmen for science have advanced their scientific sophistication only as far as the philosophy of Newtonian physics taught in high schools. The more modern viewpoint, initiated a half-century ago by Einstein and Planck, has little influence on the philosophy behind much of what passes for science today.

In the science of human behavior we see the most glaring abuses of the quantitation myth. The very essence of human behavior is its qualitative aspects. The differences between "normal" and "abnormal" behavior are determinable only by qualitative judgments invented by society, and any attempt to translate these differences into quantitative terms is naïve. Even the attempts to measure intelligence itself in quantitative values are as misguided as would be efforts to measure the truth of some statement on the basis of counting the number of people who agreed with it.

Behavioral science, being one of the youngest of the disciplines, has attracted more than its share of amateurs. These enthusiastic innocents, captivated with the glamor of sharing the spotlight, tend to go overboard with anything they regard as "scientific." Knowing the reverence in which mathematics is held by other scientists, they tend to distort their observations of people into a quantitative mold, hoping, no doubt, to enhance their status in the scientific world. The more seasoned of the behavioral scientists are content to await their day, when the world will become disillusioned over numbers, and will show more attention to the source from which scientific data is derived and less attention to the language of its expression.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

TAKING THE NONSENSE OUT OF RACIAL ORIGIN

The First Brown Men Built Shade; White Skin Evolved

MORE nonsense is talked about race than probably anything else under the sun. The only significant and safe thing to say is that race is not and never has been static. Quite legitimately we can treat it from an evolutionary point of view.

Among animals a new species is likely to be created in the following way. A current species, thriving and under the consequent pressure of increase, deploys from its original habitat. As it spreads it will of necessity move by degrees into a different environment; and by a process of natural selection those creatures most fitted to the new environment will survive. It may happen that this new environment will, by the growth or appearance of some physical barrier, become cut off from the old and original. In course of time the denizens of the one and of the other may have diverged so much that should they meet again they either could not or would not interbreed: the isolated wanderers will have become a new species.

Much the same has happened with man, but not quite the same. There have never apparently been barriers complete enough and for long enough —nowadays of course there are no barriers at all. Consequently there has never been, since the Neanderthaler [who is believed to have lived 20,000 to 150,000 years ago] died out (if indeed even he was so different), more than one species of mankind. That is a surprising fact.

But there *has* been differentiation into what in the animal world we should call sub-species and what in the world of mankind we call races. It would be surprising if this had not been so: what white people without the artificiality of modern living, beginning with the elementary one of avoiding an existence wholly in the open, could thrive for generations in the tropics?

Racial characteristics must at the start have been no more than adaptations to particular environments. Not that we can at this date always tell how the adaptations worked. Occasionally it is fairly obvious. For instance the man who lives in the blaze of the tropics is likely to have a dark skin. This is not an instance of the inheritance of acquired characteristics: father gets his skin burnt and son takes after him. Rather it must have been in its initial stages a negative matter: not until man got away from the blazing sun would 'sports' with white skins have a chance of survival, then possessing an advantage in a skin that could make more use of what sunshine existed. From which it would seem likely that original man was dark skinned.

Another likely adaptation is to be thick-set and stocky in cold climates and thin-limbed in hot—the former type has less skin surface for his bulk.

But how is one to define and categorize *race*, what is to be held as the crucial differentiation? As in all these things the definitions are artificial and man-made; and in this instance the difficulties are appalling—man's body is not a simple thing. The four most useful classifications are by:

color of skin,
kind of hair,
shape and size of body,
form of head.

The first we have said something about. White seems a good sort of skin to have for living in cold climates, but yellow may be even better.

Hair can be straight, showing as round in section under the microscope; or frizzy, showing as a flattened ellipse; or wavy, something between the two in section. It is the curly haired who as a rule have the most hairy bodies.

Of body framework we have also said a little. Small size may however be not always an inherited characteristic but a result of poor living, which will disappear with the poverty.

Shape of head we have already met: *brachycephalic*, a man with a skull

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(looked at from above) short from back to front and so broad or round headed; *mesocephalic*, medium (a term not often used); and *dolichocephalic* or long headed. This is a most useful classification and a great favorite with the anthropologists. It is in fact too useful; for having been made it tells you very little and it is doubtful whether it really possesses any racial significance. There are other things to be said about head-shape however. the contour of the forehead, the amount of eyebrow ridge, the size of the jaws and how much they stick out (the jaws, not the chin; it is called prognathism), the amount of room for brain, and the 'nasal index', which is breadth compared to length from root at the forehead to where it meets the upper lip.

NOW let us set out in irreducible minimum the racial types of today and then see so far as we can what were likely to have been the types in the beginning. There exist:

The Negroids
The Nordics
The Straight-Haired (Leiotrichi in science language)
The Mediterraneans or Dark-Whites
The Alpines
The Australoids

The Negroids tend naturally to be long and thin, though they vary enormously, and not to be very hairy. They are indigenous in two groups, which were probably always separate: Africa, and the Pacific Islands called (merely Greek for black) Melanesian. The first are usually prognathous, with broad noses, everted lips, and foreheads that are bulging like a baby's rather than with any torus or eyebrow ridge; the second tend to the opposite in forehead and jaw. The extinct Tasmanians come in with the Melanesians; they had a very small brain-box. The Bushman we can just class with the African Negroids, though his skin is browny-yellow rather than black. He too has a small skull, curiously low and narrow, and his hair is so tightly frizzed that it appears in little knots or peppercorns.

THE Nordic has been called 'this big, long-headed type'—not necessarily long-faced, though length of face and head do tend to go together. Thin-nosed. Not necessarily blonde. Hair to be classed as curly, that is to say not dead straight and round sectioned.

The Leiotrichi or truly straight haired comprise the biggest modern group, covering the Lapps and the Eskimos, the Mongols, the American Indians, and the Orientals, including the Malays. They are not necessarily from one origin, though the Americas were almost certainly populated from Asia. Straight-hairedness does seem to be a true and fundamental race distinction, but it leaves room for wide variety in other ways: the Red Indian does not look much like the Chinese for instance. Generally, there is a lack of the torus, a round skull, and an unhairy body.

The Mediterraneans are also a wide group. Sometimes called dark-whites or brunettes; usually long-headed; classed as wavy haired, and often very much so. They include the descendants of Ham as well as Shem, Egyptians as well as Arabian; also the Indonesians and probably the original inhabitants of Polynesia. Typically small and neat; small-jawed, small-faced.

—*Doug Anderson.*

"It would seem likely . . . original man was dark skinned."

The Alpine is round headed and often round faced. He is typically short and thickset, with strong brown hair and a sallow complexion. Besides the Alps his type inhabits now the Carpathians, the Caucasus, and Asia Minor —where however he may develop a very tall head and a big nose. A mountain type perhaps, and not an early one.

Finally the Australoids. There are not many of them left: besides the Australian aborigines, jungle tribes in India, Ceylon, and the Malay Peninsula. Typically they are long-headed, curly haired and hairy, dark brown skinned, wide nosed, prognathous, ridge-browed, fairly big and tall, sturdy.

NOW what do we find in the beginning, that is to say when *Homo sapiens* has first arrived? Rather surprisingly, differentiation has already begun: skulls vary in shape, skeletons in sturdiness. There is for instance that Grimaldi skeleton, 'Aurignacian' [the first cave painter, believed to have lived in France 20,000 years ago] but apparently Negroid. Yet how can we know for certain? For a skeleton will not tell us the type of its owner's hair, or the color of his skin, or even the turn of his lips.

It is also true, again surprisingly, that in Africa there has been so far found no skeleton that is typically and unmistakably Negro until mesolithic times, something nearer to the Bushman being much more common.

HOWEVER, in the Late Paleolithic the differences in *Homo sapiens* are not really great. We find the primitive traits we should expect to find, prognathism and eyebrow ridges, though nowhere as near pronounced as with the Neanderthaler. Skeletons are usually sturdy, skulls nearly always narrow. Skin we should guess to be brown, in neither extreme of black or white; hair too to be of the middle type, neither dead straight nor woolly, and plentiful since man is after all a mammal. All that adds up, quite definitely, to something very like indeed to that primitive person, the aboriginal Australian.

If then we wish to visualize the paleolithic hunter, the Australian aborigine is probably a pretty good model: darker and thinner perhaps in Africa, but never black: bigger and sturdier and lighter skinned where he is a cave man and near to the ice, though never as yet so white or fair as the modern Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian. Early Stone Age *Homo sapiens* does not seem to have isolated himself sufficiently into groups for differentiations to have reached very far.

Mesolithic and Neolithic Man changed that. There began to form the village and the group of villages, the community that stayed put and inbred. By the end of the Stone Age the present pattern of race had probably approximately arrived — approximately, because as we have stressed it is a pattern that never stays still and in fact increasingly shifts and slides and wobbles.

IF we wish to visualize the people of, say, the seventh to the third millenia B.C. we visualize the peoples of today, though clothed a good deal more primitively and decorated a good deal more barbarically. But if it is the neolithic peasant farmer in particular that we wish to visualize then we shall remember whence the culture spread and we shall see—typically, not invariably—a smaller, neater, smoother man than the hunter, dark-haired, still usually long-headed, and more universally brown-skinned even though his home may be the Swiss lake-village or the encampment on the English downs. That, though, is only the center of the picture. The black-skinned man, the yellow, the white, must already have come into existence.

H. E. L. MELLERSH,
in "The Story of Early Man,"
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(Viking Press, $4.50)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Rural.

B. Does this describe what Junior built in the yard at Christmas?

C. Conceited.

D. Beautiful residential suburb NW of Washington, D.C. in Maryland (2 wds.)

E. Piece of land cleared of trees under old English law.

F. Unstable acid whose salts explode when heated or struck.

G. The evil spirit in Zoroastrianism.

H. Trifling conversation.

I. The proclamation of the gospel.

J. What Ezekiel called Samaria when denouncing the place (see Word O).

K. Integuments.

L. From a higher place to a lower.

M. English writer, World War I poet, contemporary.

WORDS

60 18 10 187 181 91 130 40

188 57 31 120 155 69 164 24 14 127

42 119 87 25 167 54 23 110

147 174 61 53 106 13 177 117 190 44

59 142 146 22 6 33

126 80 94 159 100 8

168 62 77 89 36 148 122

83 157 92 39 64 160 121 131

68 66 104 12 82 129 85

50 17 28 153 139 1

189 143 45 166 125

184 74 118 19 79 103 140 52 55

67 78 86 99 41 15 72

DEFINITIONS

N. Section of property constituted as a primary unit of local government, as part of a parish.

O. What Ezekiel called Jerusalem (see Word J).

P. Nickname of boxer knocked out by Joe Louis, June 28, 1939 (2 wds. comp.).

Q. Failing to be perceived by the senses or emotions.

R. Injures by malicious report.

S. Oxford prof. of military history who wrote under pseudonym "Olaf Shuteye" (1868-1951).

T. The three stars usually called Orion's Belt.

U. Wreathed.

V. Common hartebeest of East Africa.

W. Diaskeuasts.

X. Pleats, folds, puckers, collectively.

Y. What one proceeds to do on entering the ordinary supermarket (comp.).

WORDS

95 178 71 165 84 9 29 134

175 21 37 144 46 163 124 34

16 109 97 176 5 101 135 70 111 154

179 27 150 133 113 4

38 58 141 115 76 26 149 90

3 170 56 93 132 151 51

47 11 186 137 114 107 183

108 48 173 123 2 98 30 116

145 185 182 112 171 152 63

158 88 96 49 136 128 180

172 161 73 32 105 7 81 20

169 138 65 156 162 35 75 43 102

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 J	2 U	3 S	4 Q	5 P	6 E	7 X	8 F	9 N	10 A	11 T	12 I
	13 D	14 B	15 M	16 P	17 J	18 A	19 L	20 X		21 O	22 E	23 C		24 B	25 C	26 R
27 Q		28 J	29 N	30 U		31 B	32 X		33 E	34 O	35 Y		36 G	37 O	38 R	39 H
	40 A	41 M	42 C	43 Y	44 D	45 K	46 O	47 T	48 U	49 W		50 J	51 S	52 L		53 D
54 C	55 L	56 S	57 B	58 R	59 E		60 A	61 D	62 G	63 V	64 H	65 Y	66 I	67 M		68 I
69 B	70 P	71 N	72 M		73 X	74 L	75 Y		76 R	77 G	78 M	79 L	80 F	81 X	82 I	
83 H	84 N	85 I	86 M	87 C		88 W	89 G	90 R	91 A	92 H	93 S	94 F	95 N	96 W	97 P	98 U
99 M		100 F	101 P		102 Y	103 L	104 I	105 X	106 D		107 T	108 U	109 P		110 C	111 P
112 V	113 Q	114 T	115 R	116 U		117 D		118 L	119 C	120 B	121 H	122 G		123 U	124 O	125 K
	126 F	127 B	128 W	129 I	130 A	131 H	132 S	133 Q	134 N		135 P	136 W		137 T	138 Y	139 J
140 L		141 R		142 E	143 K	144 O	145 V		146 E	147 D	148 G	149 R	150 Q		151 S	152 V
153 J	154 P		155 B	156 Y		157 H	158 W	159 F		160 H	161 X	162 Y	163 O	164 B	165 N	166 K
	167 C	168 G	169 Y		170 S	171 V	172 X	173 U	174 D		175 O		176 P	177 D	178 N	179 Q
180 W	181 A	182 V	183 T		184 L	185 V	186 T	187 A	188 B	189 K	190 D					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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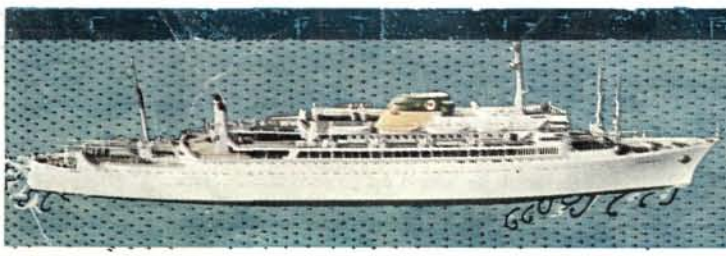

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